

2, 1892

# ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Vol. X.—No. 6.  
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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 19, 1892.

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**JULIUS CHAMBERS**

EDITOR

## SOURCES OF DANGER.

UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, CHANCELLOR'S OFFICE.  
November 1, 1892.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

Unrestricted immigration, it seems to me, is one of the most serious abuses of the day. I think you may wisely attack it.

Very truly yours, H. M. MACCRACKEN.

"The necessity for a careful discrimination among the emigrants seeking our shores becomes every day more apparent. We do not want and should not receive those who, by reason of bad character of habits, are not wanted at home. The industrious and self-respecting, the lovers of law and liberty, should be discriminated from the pauper, the criminal and the anarchist, who come only to burden or disturb our communities."—President Harrison, as quoted by General J. R. O'Brien, Assistant Commissioner of Immigration.

"The time has arrived for both a closer union and greater distance between the Old World and the New. The former indiscriminate welcome to our shores and the present invitation to these palaces of art and industry mark the passing period. Unwatched and unhealthy immigration can no longer be permitted to our shores. We must have a national quarantine against disease, pauperism and crime. We do not want candidates for our hospitals, our poorhouses or our jails. We cannot admit those who come to undermine our institutions and subvert our laws. But we will gladly throw wide our gates for, and receive with open arms, those who by intelligence and virtue, by thrift and loyalty, are worthy of receiving the equal advantages of the priceless gift of American citizenship. The spirit and object of this exhibition are peace and kinship."—Chauncey M. Depew, in his *Columbian Oration at Chicago*, October 21, 1892.

THE Carnegies and Fricks to the rear!

SOMEBODY stepped off one end of the tariff plank.

THE lesson at Homestead was studied by several millions of freemen. Tyranny will not be tolerated in this land.

## MONEY AND POLITICS.

IF public spirit should be correctly measured by the desire to hold office, what a wonderfully public-spirited people we would be! Office-holding, according to its degree, is regarded as a seal of respectability. Many a thing that is not genuine has a respectable-looking seal attached to it, so that office-holding is only a presumption of respectability that may be belied to an extraordinary degree. But, leaving out appearances and selfish interests, it is one of the master passions of the human race to desire the welfare of fellow-beings and to be an instrument in promoting it. People certainly have themselves to take care of as the first consideration; but following close upon this is a desire for the welfare of others. Men could not make themselves wholly selfish if they should try, and no matter how long they tried. It is so firmly implanted in every creature that lives to be friendly to others—the most so to those the most like itself—that the feeling cannot be eradicated. This feeling is a part of the provision of Nature to maintain life, permeating men in all scales of existence and every inferior creature. No man is so depraved, so criminal, so savage, but that he will at least take an interest in others, depraved, criminal and savage like himself. The philosophy that says that men, the lowest and highest, act from purely selfish motives, that what they do must in some way

redound to their own benefit, leaves out of consideration the instinct of humanity, the instinct for its preservation that has been implanted by Nature in the bosoms of all men for its own purposes. It causes men to accept with cheerfulness the chances of the battle-field, of the sick-room, the hazardous undertaking that brings danger and suffering, and it gives satisfaction to a life of toil and obscurity and lack of appreciation. But the most normal desire is for personal comfort, for the welfare of others and to contribute to it, and to receive recognition for such service. The way that is the most obvious to bring about the latter results, the first in a great many instances going with them, is to serve people in their collective capacity—that is, the State—by holding public office.

THE foregoing statement accounts for the craze for office independently of the personal benefits that are to be derived from it. The "honor" of office is made up of a natural and, in some cases, a cultivated desire, and which is never entirely eradicated, to be of service to others and to receive recognition as one not wholly given over to personal interests, but identified with public interests. People are so ambitious in this as to be willing to pay enormous sums for the privilege—sums altogether out of proportion to the pecuniary recompense to be derived from holding the office. It is not at all likely that there would be any dearth of able men as representatives in Congress if there was an entire absence of compensation for such service. But, in that case, only men of independent means could afford to go, and that might detract from their representative character—the rich being represented and the poor not represented. The strife and ambition is intense to get into the British Parliament, without one cent of compensation, and fortunes are ready to be spent to that end. And Parliament is not suspected of serving the purposes of individuals so that the expenses of its members can be returned to them through it. It may be that the poor are not properly represented, and hence a movement has been agitated for a long time, without making much progress, to pay members.

The desire to hold office is certainly an honorable one if kept within bounds and if there is no intention to pervert the office to an immoral use. Extraordinary expenditures in seeking office certainly afford the ground of suspicion that the object is not wholly an honorable and disinterested one. Those who have abundant means, and whose ambition is wholly honorable, may set the pace in expenditures that others have to follow that is exceedingly demoralizing to them, and that places them under great temptation to recoup by direct or indirect means that are not legitimate. An instance of the latter is in an appointment to the Military and Naval Academies of the nation in control of a member of Congress. To take pay for such appointment is not bribery as it is ordinarily understood; but it deprives young men of an equal right that they are supposed to possess with others, and certainly lowers the tone and the disinterested force of the man who makes it. The contributions to the "election expenses" of candidates by corporations and by men in a position to ask and receive favors is one form of the demoralization that springs out of the lavish expense of candidates.

It may be one of the steps necessary to be taken in reformation of this great abuse to limit the expense by statute that candidates are permitted to make, and requiring from them, under their oath, a statement of what their expenses have been for. Congress, in possessing the right under the Constitution to pass upon the qualification of its members, could easily do this, and, in doing it, follow the precedent set by the British House of Commons.

BUT the overshadowing evil in our elections in the expenditure of money is that made by a party itself—not in the interest of particular candidates, but in the interest of the party at large. If a purchasable vote is to decide the elections of the United States, we might as well admit that we have one of the worst forms of government yet devised among men, and if we have not reached anarchy and civil war and the demoralization of personal character and despotism, these results are imminent, and the American Union will be broken—not in so dignified a way as a division in halves, but in a brood of small States, to be followed by results that the mind of no man could penetrate.

There are no exigencies of policy that can excuse the purchase of votes, and there should be some arraignment at the bar of public justice commensurate with the offense committed. The immense concentration of commercial interests—those of trusts and railroads especially, with selfish interests to advance and protect—afford an opportunity for obtaining funds for political purposes undreamed of in any previous condition of society. Contributions from these sources are ready to go to either party, or to both simultaneously.

THAT the people of this country are in want of a change, admits of no dispute.

## THE PUBLIC PULSE.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, NEW YORK, October 31, 1892.  
TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

Replying to your letter stating that your journal is willing to undertake any great reform, and asking my advice as to the particular abuse or abuses I think ought to be attacked, I beg leave to say:

I do not feel that I am competent to advise you in a matter so important as this, but there is one abuse which I think might be attacked with great advantage to the public interest. I refer to the indiscriminate and brutal attacks upon public officials. I am satisfied that these attacks have had the effect of frightening from public life some of our best and worthiest citizens, and tend to bring into discredit and disrepute the highest of public officers.

While I am fully conscious of the fact that public, and even severe, criticism is necessary to preserve purity in public administration, I entertain no doubt that if the public service was exempt from indiscriminate and unjust abuse, a larger number of our better citizens would be induced to interest themselves in it. I think it would be a great newspaper which would undertake and accomplish this reform. Very truly yours,

THOMAS F. GILROY.

ONCE A WEEK is written and published for the people, and it has seemed to its editor that the people should have a voice in its direction. Recently, letters were directed to distinguished men in all branches of public and private life asking their views as to needed reforms. It was with considerable surprise that so many replies were received speaking of the harsh treatment public men have experienced at the hands of the daily newspaper press. The above letter from the gentleman who has since been elected mayor of New York, and, beyond question, a conscientious and able public servant, voices the sentiment of other writers in a more calm and thoughtful manner than most of them exhibit. When Mr. GILROY expresses an opinion he is always sincere. Therefore his letter demands respectful treatment.

It is a sad thing to admit that much of what he says is true. He has suffered, as have many other public men, from the bitterness of partisan journalism. To every man who believes in the newspaper press in its best form nothing is more offensive than a partisan journal. It is a blind adder that stings enemies and friends. The friend of the day is the man who agrees with you; the enemy is he who has the courage of his convictions and dares to talk or vote as he feels. The party organ scoffs at individuality of opinion. It frequently commends what is clearly dishonest and disgraceful in American politics, and when it attacks the character of any man merely because he is opposed to the faction that it champions, it does injury to all the able and conscientious believers in the public press who accord other men the liberty of thought and encourage, rather than frown upon, individuality.

The rise of the independent voter in this country has been one of the most splendid signs of recent times. He developed during the reconstruction period following the war. HORACE GREELEY and the small but heroic band of political martyrs who followed him—we refer only to those who sincerely and honestly followed him—led this movement. Some of them had been pioneers in a greater and nobler cause—the freedom of the slave. In that they had succeeded. PHILLIPS, GARRISON, SUMNER, GREELEY had led that movement. That many of these men who left their party in 1872 afterward returned to it was no evidence of their insincerity. Notable examples of these are the recent Republican candidate for Vice-President and CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW. It is doubtful if any campaign so bitter as that of 1872 has ever been seen in this country, the possible exception being the one in 1884. And yet the press was not entirely to blame for these facts. It was the cartoonist's pencil and the ingratitude of the negro that made the GREELEY campaign so bitter; it was the malice of one minister of the gospel and the heartless cant of another that brought public shame upon the campaign of 1884.

Again, politicians themselves are largely to blame for the popular belief that to touch politics is to be defiled.

It is our sincere and honest belief that unfounded attacks upon public men, made with malicious purpose, do no injury whatever to the persons assailed. Before many years, it is our hope that the old traditions about the "power of the press" will die out, and that the great reading public that supports the newspaper, because it is the medium of communication between the various parts of the civilized world, will discountenance the misuse of the printed page. Any editor, however insignificant, who will use his columns to gratify a personal spite is a blackguard and a scoundrel, who should be ostracized by society and publicly pilloried by all the respectable members of his own craft.

Journalism is a noble business, and the dignity of it depends so largely upon the conscientiousness of the man who directs and inspires work hastily done in the seclusion of the office and under the midnight lamp that no sense of honor can be too keen and no standard too high.

Therefore, we wish to say that we fear Mr. GILROY unduly exaggerates the influence of journals that so degrade themselves. We "point with pride" to the newspapers of the country, and insist that he can count upon the fingers of one hand the journals that have thus disgraced their calling.

This brings us to a very interesting phase of this



controversy. It often happens that editors of newspapers, like men in other businesses, make mistakes. Acting upon false information, often maliciously given to them with intent to deceive, they frame theories of public conduct and make statements that are not justified. Formerly, it was an unwritten dictum of journalism that an editor could do no wrong, that he never made a mistake, and that to retract what had once been written and published was a humiliation and a disgrace. Such a theory belongs to the days in which the same was said of the kings of France and England, some of whom left behind them the blackest and most infamous pages in history. The editor who will assert openly or tacitly, by refusing to correct an error, that he is infallible, deserves no consideration whatever. Everybody knows that in commercial life mistakes are made by the most successful houses. What militates against the editor is that he lives in a glass house, where everybody can see his errors and throw stones. Of course, he cannot afford to make many mistakes, but when he does err it is the part of manhood to say so.

These thoughts are called forth by the courageous way in which a very successful journal in New York retracted and apologized for words it had used in criticizing the writer of the above letter. No daily journal in the United States has ever risen with the same splendor and confidence of wing as the New York Recorder, and the triumph is due largely to the frank and manly character of its editor and proprietor.

It is pleasant to see the daily press following the "beat" of ONCE A WEEK on the new armored cruiser Brooklyn. We are rather surprised, however, to see the New York World appropriate our picture without credit. However, we are glad to oblige.

Look out for the new series of premium books that we shall announce next week! They will be superior to anything of the kind ever offered in this country. The three volumes will contain about forty first-class wood-cuts.

#### WHAT MEANS CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR?

THE first Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor was founded eleven and a half years ago, and under its banner are now ranked twenty-two thousand societies, with nearly one and a half million members. They are in all parts of the world, and give allegiance to thirty evangelical denominations. That unparalleled convention held last Summer in New York City, attended by over thirty thousand Endeavorers, made it known to everybody.

And yet, right at the outset of any talk about Christian Endeavor, it is always necessary to stop and sweep away false impressions—to tell what it is not.

This movement is not to set up a new church, a children's church, apart from the church of the old folks. Those who fear this have never read that clause in the Christian Endeavor pledge, in which each member promises "to support his own church in every way, especially by attending all its regular Sunday and mid-week services," unless he has a conscientious excuse. The duty of joining the church, and of working for it after joining it, has never been so efficiently enforced as by these twenty-two thousand societies of Christian Endeavor.

This movement is not a great, compact organization, under authority, like the Salvation Army. The United Society, with its board of trustees—eminent pastors from the Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, Disciple, Cumberland Presbyterian, Lutheran, Canadian Presbyterian, Methodist Protestant, United Brethren, United Presbyterian, Reformed Episcopal and Dutch Reformed churches—this United Society is the only central organization that exists, and all it does is to register the societies, send out information and Christian Endeavor literature to pastors who ask for it, and prepare the programme for the international gatherings. It makes no laws, it receives no taxes, it exercises no authority. This is true also of the State unions, in which these societies are banded together, and of the town, city and county unions. This arrangement forbids red-tape, and machinery, and wire-pulling. It leaves each society absolutely under the control of its own church and denomination.

This movement is not to establish literary societies, like the Chautauqua circles, for instance. Many think it is, and urge courses of study in history fitted for the Columbian year, courses in Milton and Browning, courses in the elements of sociology and political economy. So far as these societies are concerned, though their members are wide awake to literature and politics, there is but one book, the Bible, and one study, the study of life.

This is not a movement of reform, save as all earnestness and nobility brings about reform. Christian Endeavor societies have sent in more petitions praying for the Sunday closing of the World's Fair than all other organizations put together; but this is not a movement for Sunday observance. Christian Endeavorers constitute one of the best allies of all temperance work; but this is not a temperance movement. Christian Endeavorers will do much, very much, to bring about these and all other needed reforms, but such work is incidental, and not fundamental, to the movement.

This is not an undenominational movement, though that charge is sometimes laid at its doors. The movement is emphatically interdenominational. To be interdenominational it must be emphatically denominational. The pastor founds each society, and is made by its constitution its directing spirit. The very forms of work, as

well as all provisions of the pledge, are such as to set the young folks at work for their own denominations, at the same time that they receive inspiration from young workers in other denominations.

This movement is not an appendix to a denomination. It originated in a Congregational church, but it is not Congregational. There are more societies among the Presbyterians than in any other denomination, but it is not Presbyterian. There are nearly three thousand societies among the Baptists, over two thousand among the Methodists, but it is not a Baptist or a Methodist movement. The Methodist Protestants have made it the official society of their church, but it is not a Methodist Protestant movement. It is the helper of all denominations, the appendix of none.

This movement is not a great convention machine. There never were such mass meetings as have gathered under its auspices. Christian Endeavor believes in the nobility of the masses. It does not believe that the world is to be saved by Matthew Arnold's "remnant." In all the great cities of this continent Christian Endeavorers have held conventions surpassing anything ever held in those cities. And yet the Christian Endeavor movement is seen most characteristically in the little weekly gatherings of twenty to a hundred young folks, met—not for a magnificent demonstration, not for applause and the waving of banners—but for humble and fervent prayer.

This movement is not for the exalting of men. The president of the United Society, the originator of the movement, Francis E. Clark, D. D., owes much of his power over the hearts of old and young to his absolute modesty and single-hearted devotion to his Master. There is only one paid officer among all the men and women who, in State and local unions and in the International Society, are giving time and energy freely to the cause, and that officer is the general secretary, John Willis Baer. The movement has been promoted everywhere by men and women who felt that God is everything, and human power, human wisdom and human will to be regarded as nothing.

There is no room in the Christian Endeavor movement for self-pushing, pride or egotism.

The organization is not for the organic union of the churches. Some have so construed the interdenominational fellowship and co-operation that it seeks to promote. But the men who, in all evangelical denominations are forwarding this movement of brotherhood, are not visionaries. They acknowledge the wide differences in human nature. They see that Christians must always, probably, emphasize, one this doctrine, another that. They see that diverse temperaments require diverse forms, and that long courses of history leading up to variations in custom and thought are not lightly to be set aside. But they do believe that the essentials of Christianity furnish ground of perfect fellowship and hearty co-operation. They do believe that the motto of Christendom should be "E pluribus unum." They do believe that, even as Christ was one with the Father, so the children of earth who follow Him are to be one with Christ, and so we are to be one with each other, as Christ commanded.

I have mentioned some of the things that, quite contrary to the persistent statements of a few, the Christian Endeavor movement is not. Let me name a few things that it is:

It is a movement of prayer. Whatever it does or does not do, it teaches young people the blessedness, comfort and power of prayer. It has many meetings, but only one is necessary—the prayer-meeting. It has many committees, but those alone are essential that maintain the prayer-meeting. Prayer is the beginning and continuance of this movement, and, in a sense, its end.

It is a movement of covenants. Christian Endeavorers believe in pledges. To be sure, they have all taken that main pledge—the backbone of the organization—the pledge in which they promise (provided they have no conscientious excuse) to pray daily, read the Bible daily, attend church services regularly, take part in the Endeavor prayer-meeting and perform all the duties devolving upon them in the society. But they are not afraid to take other pledges. Hundreds of thousands of them are now solemnly pledged to try to bring one soul to Christ this year. Others are pledged to give two cents a week to missions; others to try to bring someone to church or prayer-meeting with them; others to shake hands with the strangers who come to church. Christian Endeavorers, like all people very much in earnest, are eager to be strengthened by the power of pledges.

It is a movement requiring specific work. The power of generalities is slight and transient. The request to do some particular good thing adheres and wins. Christian Endeavorers are now, for instance, quite generally setting themselves to read ten books on missions this year. Young folks like such definite, clear-cut tasks as that. A vague exhortation to read books about missions would be little heeded.

It is a movement of fellowship. In these Christian Endeavor unions, now so common in every State, Baptist and Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregationalist sit side by side, learning from each other, inspiring each other, cheering each other. Never in these meetings are heard words of theological wrangling. Minor differences are forgotten in the joy of a common salvation and a common Saviour. Nay, the whole world, and not merely our denominations here, is coming into the goodly fellowship. Dr. Clark, now on his Christian Endeavor voyage around the world, has been greeted by the Endeavorers of the Hawaiian and Samoan Islands and New Zealand, and is now in the midst of a marvelous series of meetings held by hundreds of the societies in Australia. He will go on to visit the societies in Japan, in China, in Burma, India, Egypt, Syria, Greece, Turkey, Italy, France, Spain, Germany, and will close with the great English national convention, before returning to the international gathering to be held in Canada, at Montreal. He could go to Madagascar, and he would

find societies. He would find them on the west coast of Africa. He would find them in Persia, in Mexico, in Brazil, in Chili, among the Indians in the Northwest Territory, among soldiers, among sailors. Surely this is a movement of fellowship.

As a natural result of this, it is a movement of missionary enthusiasm. Probably the majority of the societies are now committed to the principle of systematic giving. The plan of giving two cents a week is very popular, but many give much more. Societies not a few have missionaries under their charge. Many a Christian Endeavorer has been led to consecrate himself to a missionary life. The missionary treasures of the various denominations receive from these societies increasing thousands of dollars yearly. Studies of missions and work for them by the young have been marvelously promoted by this movement.

As a fit climax, this is an evangelistic movement. It is, primarily, an effort of the young to save the young. These Endeavorers take charge of the smallest little ones, in the Junior Society, and train them to work for Christ. They plead with the associate members, who are not willing to call themselves Christians, and they win them over. They are zealous for church membership. Last year one hundred and twenty thousand joined the church from the ranks of these societies, chiefly from the associate membership. They are eager with invitations to a Christian life. They put them in the way in hotels, railroad stations, barber shops, wherever young men and young women may be reached. They work in many ingenious ways. They bait their hooks with social gatherings, with music, with flowers. They are eager for souls, these Christian Endeavorers.

I have told what the Christian Endeavor movement is not and what it is; who can tell what it will be?

The hundreds of thousands of young Christians whose lives it has quickened, whose services it has made more constant, systematic and enthusiastic, will not forget the lesson they have learned. These young Christians will make the church of the next decade. What does that mean? It means an awakened Christendom. It means a Christendom knit with the bonds of love and fired with the flame of zeal. It means more money—millions of it—for missions. It means more men and women—millions of them—for the hard places of service. It means—who will say that it does not mean?—the winning of the earth to Christian Endeavor! AMOS R. WELLS.

#### THE NOBLE ANIMAL.

THE annual Horse Show was held in Madison Square Garden during the past week and was quite as successful as the previous exhibitions in that place have been. These annual affairs have done a great deal toward improving the useful horses in this country. Next week we shall publish a carefully prepared article on the exhibition, written by one of the most capable horsemen in this country. We present in this number, on page nine, an illustration admirably portraying a charming feature of the brilliant exhibition.

#### THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK.

- November 20—Sunday—  
"Envy will merit like a shade pursue,  
But, like a shadow, prove the substance true."—Pope.
- November 21—Monday—"The corrupt use of money in elections must cease in this country."—ONCE A WEEK.
- November 22—Tuesday—  
"Ah! what a wondrous thing it is  
To note how many wheels of toil  
One thought, one word, can set in motion!"—Longfellow.
- November 23—Wednesday—  
"Be noble! and the nobleness which lies  
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,  
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."—Lowell.
- November 24—Thursday—"Putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor: for we are members one of another."—Eph. iv., 25.
- November 25—Friday—  
"A cheerful life is what the muses love,  
A soaring spirit is their prime delight."—Wordsworth.
- November 26—Saturday—"Fortune is like a market, where many times if you wait a little the price will fall."—Bacon.

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### A HAUNT OF CRIME.

TUCKED away in the middle of a West Side block is a teeming Italian village, picturesque, foreign and squalid. It is a puzzling human hive, where hundreds of people are hidden away in unnumbered houses fronting upon nameless alleys. The place is called by some of its denizens "The Arch," by others merely "The Alley." It is not laid down on the maps; it is not named in the city directory. But in spite of the oblivion in which this oddly hidden village dwells, it already has a history of bloodshed, and it may yet have an even more fatal history of pestilence should the cholera really come next year.

If you should happen to walk eastward along Watts street, which begins at the Hudson River and ends at Sullivan street (between Broome and Grand), you would be impressed for the final three or four blocks of its length by the old-fashioned charm of the thoroughfare, its quiet West Side simplicity, its fine old fan-lights, its pillared doorways, its handsome brass knockers and its double row of great aillanus-trees. Scarcely any house is more than three stories high; many are less, and few are younger than the second quarter of the century. The



INHABITANTS OF "THE ARCH."

transition from the prim, almost Philadelphian, respectability of Watts street to the foreign squalor and poverty of "The Arch" would be a revelation to anyone not accustomed to the contrasts of this great town. "The Arch" begins where Watts street ends, and dwellers within the respectable shadow of the Watts street aillanus-trees may see daylight at the eastern end of "The Arch." Most of them have seen little more of the Italian village.

"The Arch" runs from Sullivan to Thompson, between Broome and Grand, and takes its name from the fact that one of the houses in the middle of the block extends over the alley. The houses fronting on Sullivan, Thompson, Broome and Grand streets form the shell—thick at some places, thin at others—to this village. The main alley of "The Arch" is crossed midway, at right angles, by a narrower alley, and this again is crossed at each end by yet other alleys. Here, then, is a network of village streets, with stairways, windows and doors opening by the dozen upon the narrow, unclean pavements.

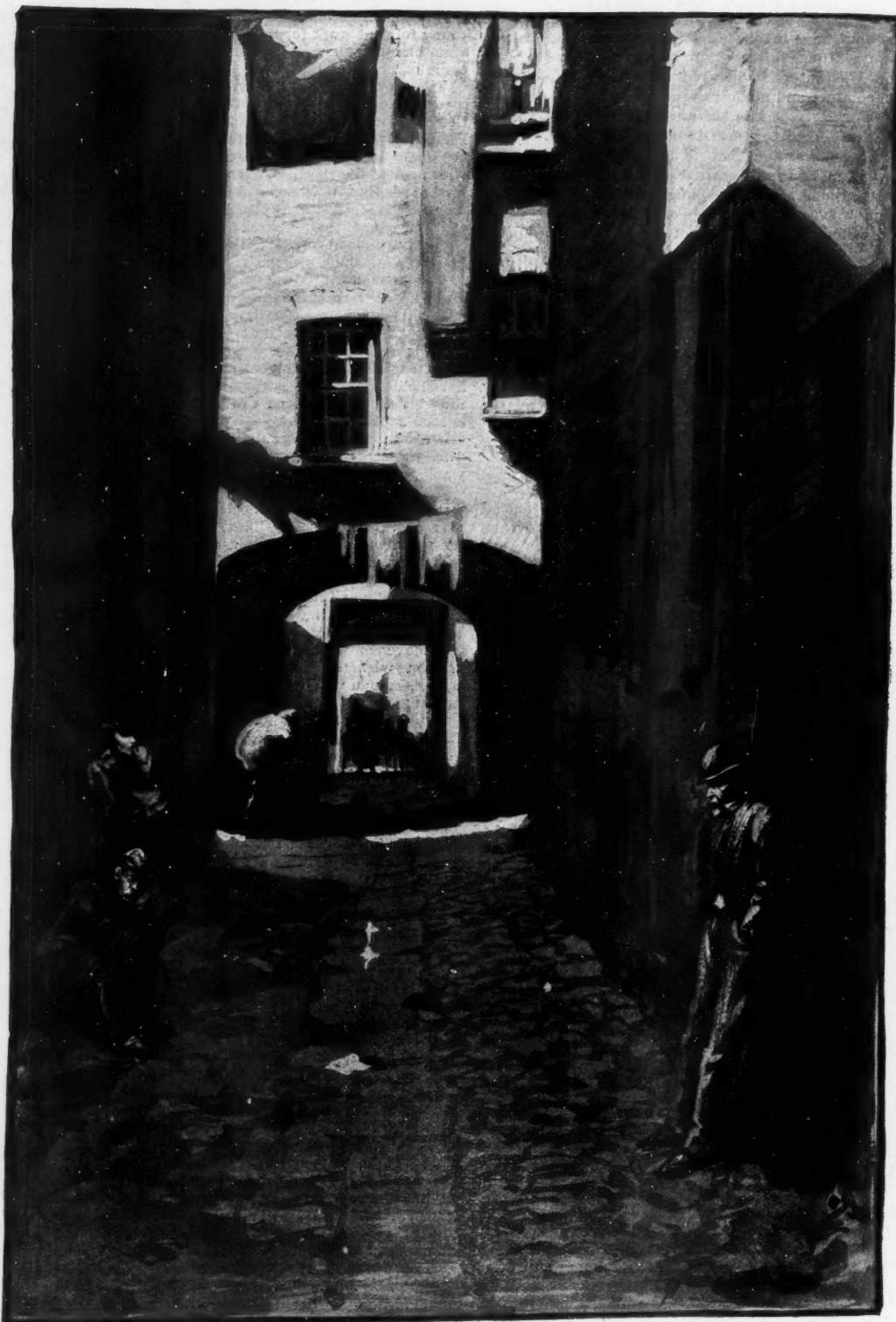
All the ground-floor windows are thrown wide, so that the whole teeming population may look in upon the domestic doings of the tenants. The place is fairly alive



ITALIANS CARRYING BREAD.

with people. Residents of the neighborhood say that there are from eighty to one hundred families averaging six or eight persons each. Scarcely any family occupies more than two rooms; all have children and some take lodgers. Swarthy women in gay kerchiefs, parti-colored gowns and cheap jewels look out at upper windows or nurse their babes in the doorway; old women with parchment complexions and bent shoulders knit and chatter in the noonday sun; children, with the predatory instinct of the race, drag through the narrow thoroughfares all sorts of foul treasures picked up in the street. By day, the women and children have the village to themselves, but at night husbands and fathers, who are musicians, peddlers or street laborers, crowd the narrow ways, and there is the noise of Italian merrymaking beneath the light that streams from the hundred windows of those teeming tenements. The high walls are seldom more than fifteen feet apart, so that tenants easily gossip from house to house, and there is calling up and down throughout the whole stack of lighted windows.

"The Arch" has a polyglot population and a parti-colored history. It has been filled and emptied by successive nationalities, and its present character as an Italian vil-



ENTRANCE TO "THE ARCH."

lage has been only recently taken on. When the draft riots occurred, in 1863, "The Arch" was densely packed with colored people, and during those few terrible days "The Arch" was invaded by maddened men who murdered the negroes in their homes. "Some they hant and some they chopped up," is the picturesque phrase of the old German carpenter's wife, who has seen most of the transformations in the locality during the past generation. Soon after the draft riots the negroes began to move out, and in time their places was taken by Germans and a few Irish. It was a Teutonic paradise then. German thrift made the place clean, and all the windows bloomed with potted plants. Six or eight years ago the Italians gained



UNDER "THE ARCH."



A NEIGHBORING COURT.

a foothold in "The Arch," and since that time they have steadily driven out tenants of other nationalities. Whenever an apartment became vacant an Italian family moved in. Italians pack closer than Germans or Irish. They pay their rent promptly, and, on the whole, are not bad tenants.

It would be interesting to know what the census enumerators really learned in "The Arch." The estimated population of six to eight hundred is only a guess of the neighbors. It is not easy to say at a cursory examination how far within the bowels of the block the ramifications of "The Arch" really burrow. The monthly rent roll of the rookeries must be five or six hundred dollars.



# GALATEA DOWN TO HERE.

BY STELLA NOTSAE.

I HAD been ordered by my physician to Clinton Springs to take the baths and—rest. Rest! Was there anything else to do? I did not mind the monotony of the place so much at first, to be sure, as I was in that weak, lethargic state of physical health which suggests nothing and wishes nothing suggested. The place consisted of a railroad station, the sanitarium and its annex, surrounded by the park, in which were the springs and the private residence of the head physician. The Broadway ran through this settlement, and, so few were the other streets, that the whole town could be gone over in a ten minutes' walk. It was late in October; the leaves had all left the trees and the boughs were swaying and creaking as in Winter; the squirrels scampered about gathering in their stores, and, in the small lake in the park, the fish had gone to the bottom. The gray walls of the old-fashioned sanitarium leaned against a gray sky; the very atmosphere of everything without and within was gray, even to the guests and patients, whose gray heads harbored gray thoughts.

As I said, at first I did not mind this life and these surroundings—the grays were not unpleasant to the eyes after the vivid greens of the Summer, and the queer and antiquated characters amused and entertained me in a sort of weird and somber manner. But, as my strength and ambition returned, I grew restless and fairly chafed under the restrictions forced upon me by physician and circumstance.

One day as I lay upon my bed for a rest after my bath, according to directions, feeling rather exhilarated than fatigued by the latter, and therefore not at all attuned to Dame Nature's harmonies in gray, I fell to condemning the place and people in general and my being there in particular.

"What am I doing here anyhow," I thought, "with my youth and strength, among these old fossils? No wonder the doctor said they never let anyone die here—good reason why—they're dead already, just waiting for a good wind to come along and blow away the remains!" Then my conscience smote me for this lack of sympathy for my fellow-sufferers, who had gone so much further than I through this life's battle and sustained thereby such "wounds and bruises and putrifying sores" as were everywhere evident. I also thought of how weak I was when I came—of the malady which was the original cause of my coming. This not being a particularly pleasant thought, I turned my head slightly and my eye fell upon the maid, who was sitting by the window, sewing. She was a woman employed as chambermaid at the sanitarium and had been supplied to me by the housekeeper when my own maid had been threatened with scarlet fever and quarantined by the physician. I wondered how she happened to be here—where she came from. She was not a native of the State, I was sure, although she had, at times, a touch of the Northern New York accent. As I watched her, I thought over all I knew of her—very little. A few days back she had appeared at the door, behind the housekeeper, who handed her in with:

"This is Della. You will find her willing, and I hope she will soon learn your wants and ways."

And there stood Della—a rather short woman, not of very neat appearance, clad in a bright, wine-colored dress the worse for wear, a shabby cape of light material, and a black, round hat too large for her head and rusty, beneath which pierced two round, black eyes, which expressed at once shrewdness and suspicion—an indescribable look seen in certain animals.

Her hands were pinched into one-buttoned, black kid gloves, a couple of sizes too small, cracked and purpled at the fingers, and of which the buttons were missing. I saw, at a glance, she was of quick perception, that she was anxious to please, even to nervousness, and that she would be relieved to be put to work at once. I was just about going for an airing; the doctor was waiting to see me safely in my wheeled-chair; I told her to prepare it with my rugs and cushions.

"I ain't much used to chairs," said she, in a strong, Western accent, "I ain't never wheeled one but once, when one of the girls was took sick with a faintin' fit over to the sanitarium, and then I run her clean bang into everythin', and 'mos' broke the wheels. But, I guess I'll learn!" This encouragement didn't seem to reassure the doctor, for he wheeled me into the elevator, and out of it on to the sidewalk, himself. As he left us, Della began:

"Now, of course, you must tell me where you want to go; see—I don't know."

I indicated the park, and made up my mind to discourage conversation at the start. We had not gone but a few hundred feet, when a young man—a patient—loomed up in the narrow path ahead of us, and, as there was not sufficient room for us to pass, he politely stepped aside. He was not out of hearing, I am sure, when Della exclaimed:

"H'm! Why didn't he look? Wonder ef he never see a lady afore; wish he'd ha' fell down!" This was said in such a quick, resentful and protecting manner that I could not find the heart to stop her. We did not remain out long, but she must have seen I did not want her to talk; she was smart enough to wait until she found out, anyway. In all her duties she was punctual, apt and willing; but, as I reviewed all this, still I found nothing that indicated from whence she came, and I wondered why she did not choose a less doleful place in which to make her living. As I had to rest, and wanted to be amused, I concluded to start her tongue going; I felt sure there was a wonderful fund in reserve.

"Della, how did you come here—how did you come to choose this place—to hear of it even? You don't seem to be of the village."

"How did I come—to choose this place? I didn't choose, an' I didn't know where I was comin' to."

"You didn't know where you were coming to? Then

how did you know how to come—what station to ask for?"

"There wasn't no station. But there, I oughtn't to be tellin' you," and she gave her work a jerk, and bent over it, as though to hide the shamefaced smile which overspread her countenance. There was a moment's silence, then suddenly she shot one of her bird-like glances at me, from the corners of her eyes, and continued:

"You see, we was with the perfesser, an' we got stuck on the road, 'bout fifty miles from here, an' we didn't know where we was."

"Well, Della, who is the 'perfesser,' and who is 'we'?" said I, as she hesitated. After another piercing glance, and a toss of her head, which seemed to indicate she'd settled something in her own mind, she twanged out:

"I said I hadn't ought to tell you, 'cause some people are green 'bout things, an' it might make a difference in my keepin' my place here ef they knowed, an' I've got to work! But you look as ef you was the kind that 'ud understand, so this is how it was. Me an' George, we went with the perfesser, 'cause he wanted Ethel for 'The

"That's so; but I git so mad when I git started on this, seems as ef I can't think straight! Why, Ethel—she's my little girl, an' George is my brother—leastwise, my half-brother, an'—"

"Oh! George is your brother; I thought maybe he was your husband."

"Husband! my husband!" she almost screamed, "Well, I guess not! That's the only one good thing 'bout this business—I got rid o' him by it! He don't know where I am—can't follow me now!"

Her eyes flashed indignation and triumph; then gradually softened as she spoke of her child.

"No, he can't follow me, an' he can't git her! I made up my mind she should have it better than I had. You see, my mother died when I was a little thing, an' my father married again—that's how I come to get George for a stepbrother—George an' another one;" here Della's voice sunk almost below hearing. "But, he's dead—died last year! Well, them two boys an' me knowed no difference from bein' real brothers an' sister, an' when their ma died we was all turned out together, an' the old man



"ONE DAY A MAN CAME ALONG WITH A 'SYSTEM.'"

Child of the Clouds'; an' we didn't like the way things was goin', so George he told him; an' then he got right up an' got sassy, an' I wouldn't stan' it to have George talked to so, an' so we broke up!"

The memory of it was almost too much for poor Della; she had to stop for a moment, or she must have burst into tears. Then the shamefaced smile again appeared, and she said, in a lower voice:

"Oh, wasn't we foolish, though! Dear me, suz, when I think how foolish we was, I jest wish somebody had ha' given me a good spankin'! There we had put in all our money, an' we had to leave the hull thing! We was gettin' worse off every day, an' a-workin' like—yes, a-workin' like dogs, George an' me was, an' Ethel sick; an' so when we got down to seven dollars and ninety-eight cents between us, why—we quit! Of course, we wouldn't ha' let go ef we hadn't ha' ben so poor; but there we was, right in the middle of the country, so bad broke we couldn't even move the stuff to a place big enough to have the show in! I shall always think ef we only could ha' hung on a little longer, we'd ha' got our money out again, an' then we'd ha' quit square—that's all we'd ha' asked for; it wa'n't no use!" Here Della looked the picture of despair, and I hastened to say:

"But you haven't told me who all these people are yet."

got a third wife. He wa'n't no kind of a man, nohow; we was jest shoved through, somehow—the boys, they went on a farm, an' me—an' old lady an' gentleman took me, an' I worked for my bread. But the boys an' me kinder hung together, first—'cause we was turned out together, I suppose; anyhow, we thought a good deal of each other, and 'twas George an' me buried him! At his funeral we see the old man an' number three for the first time since we was little, an' I hope it'll be the last! He wa'n't no kind of a father to us; an' when I see him a bellerin' over the coffin, an' when he took me out afterwards in the front yard an' begun pelaverin' 'bout when we was children, I jest wanted to scream, an' I told him he'd better let me go in! Yes, an' after all that, not one penny would he pay toward the expenses: poor George an' me buried him alone!" Another pause, a little clearing of the voice, and Della went on:

"Well, I stayed with the old lady an' gentleman till I was eighteen. They let me learn a little readin' an' writin', but it was so far from their house to the school I couldn't go much; besides, in the Winter there was too much snow an' in the Summer there was vacation. I worked perty hard, 'cause I was the only help; there was the big family wash, an' the meals to git, an' the sewin' to be done, besides all the bakin' an' preservin' an' takin'



care of the old lady after she got her stroke. I used to help with the outside work, too, when I could. So, when along come a beau, with a horse an' buggy, I took him, of course. We went home to live with his folks on the farm after we was married, an' I was to do all the work to save them keepin' help. Yes, I was to work for our keep—my husband was in a store in the village—an' the only thing I was to make out of it, besides, was a little preservin' I was to have after I'd filled up all his mother's cans an' jars. Well, the work got harder an' harder, my husband stayed down to the store half the night, there wa'n't no more horse an' buggy rides, an' there was a misundestandin' 'bout the preservin'! This was jest before Ethel was born.

"One day I cried to be took back to the old lady and gentleman that brought me up, an' so I left the farm. I was sick for a long time, an' when baby an' me was well enough to move out we tried housekeepin' by ourselves—I thought things would go better. But my husband didn't seem to take no interest, an' then things fell short—wa'n't no money to be got hold of. Soon found out why! He was spendin' most of his time at the saloons. Well, we couldn't starve; I learned the dressmakin' trade, on half wages—I hadn't been strong enough to do heavy work since I had Ethel. One day a man came along with a 'system'; I saw it was a big improvement on our old ways of cuttin' and fittin' an' I bought one. He saw I was so took with it that we got to talkin' things over, an' it came out that he wanted agents to canvass through the State for him—teachin' and sellin' the 'system.' I was to git more cash down than I was gittin' at the trade an' my expenses paid, to say nothin' of doin' a little travelin'. I



took the job an'—I made money. Ethel was big enough to be goin' to school, an' I made up my mind she should go, 'cause I hadn't ben much. I got a friend of mine an' her husband to take care of the house an' Ethel, an' to have it comfortable for my husband when he came home (which wasn't often); he was off most of the time on a spree, an' I had been payin' the rent an' supportin' Ethel so long it didn't seem as though I had a husband.

"I was gone 'bout two weeks on my first trip, an' I got along perty well after I got over bein' so timid. Seemed as ef I couldn't stan' it at fust—bein' almost pushed out of the houses an' places where I went to show my 'system.' But I found it didn't pay to be put off, so I learned to be pert. I tell you, that's the business to teach you to be cheeky! I got cheekier an' cheekier every time I went 'round—but I didn't care, so long as I was makin' money! As soon as my husband see I was gettin' ahead, he began a-pesterin' an' a-pesterin'—pretendin' he didn't want me to be away from home, sayin' he was so lonely. So lonely he! Queer he took so long to find it out! Next thing, he wanted money. I let him have some—wasn't I foolish!—an' then a little more; till, one day, I came home an' found he done nothin' but lay 'round town drunk while I was away—that he'd lost his place in the store, an' that he only showed up when he thought it was time for me to be a-comin' back, so he could get some more cash. Well, I said nothin' at fust, but I thought I'd jest try him a little an' see ef he never intended to do nothin' for Ethel, an' ef he didn't, we might as well stop all round.

"I had a splendid business on hand jest then; in one place alone I had a class of forty pupils learnin' the 'system,' besides my share in the sale of the 'system' itself. I had jest two more lessons to give before collectin' the money, an' it was jest before the 'Fourth of July.' I knowed I couldn't get home by 'the Fourth,' an' I knowed how Ethel would be disappointed ef she couldn't do as other children done on 'the Fourth.' So I wrote to my husband, an' I told him, as he never had bought nothin' for Ethel, now was his time; an' for him to git her a new white dress, a pair of shoes, a straw hat an' a couple of bunches of fire-crackers—children always has those in small country towns on 'the Fourth.' Well, will you believe it, he actually went an' paid a quarter for a telegram, telling me to come home, that Ethel was sick. I was so scared I didn't wait even to collect my class money, but started right off. And, when I got there—my, wasn't I mad! Ethel was as well as could be; he only took that way of gittin' me home, an' he hadn't bought one of them things fer her, not even the fire-crackers! I knowed then it wa'n't no use—he'd never try to do nothin'!

(Concluded next week.)

## MAD MAN! MAD MAN!

A LIBERAL REWARD WILL BE PAID TO ANY PERSON giving information that will lead to the whereabouts of Arthur Beckwith, who escaped from Dr. Buell's retreat in Litchfield, Conn., on Saturday, September 10, 1892. He is 43 years of age, five feet three inches tall, slim built, weighs about 135 pounds, dark complexioned, dark-brown hair, mustache, and ear whiskers mixed with gray; deep-set and staring eyes; has a scar or abscess on left jaw; is stoop-shouldered, and has habit of covering his face with hand. He wore at the time a gray sack-coat and vest, dark trousers; black diagonal overcoat and soft, light-colored hat. Notify Dr. H. W. BUELL.

CHARLES DICKENS and Charles Reade tried their hands at portraying the dismal cruelties of the customary "Retreat," whose very name is an unconscious sarcasm on "man's inhumanity."

The "personal" from the *Herald*, that furnishes the text for this writing, announces the "escape" of an unfortunate victim of madness from the Litchfield (Conn.) "Retreat." Why one should desire to escape from a place bearing that designation is explained by one of the most horrible features of nineteenth century social and legal procedure. The State of Connecticut is spotted all over with these "Retreats"; but then, so is the State of New York, for that matter, and one need not go out of the "hundred-mile radius" which begins at the metropolis to find plenty of them.

There is certainly something abhorrent to the sympathies of the most callous in thus pillorying an unfortunate man; raising the "hue-and-cry" after him as though he were a public enemy; shouting "mad man!" as one shouts "mad dog!" when an unhappy cur with the distemper, or merely aggravated by thirst or cruel boys, comes running down the street with his tongue out.

"But, if the man be mad," say the timid and the wiseacres, "it is certainly thoughtful and judicious to restrain him, and if he succeeds in eluding his keepers, to hunt for him, and, if possible, restore him to captivity." But those familiar with the devious ways through which unfortunates come to find themselves incarcerated in "Retreats," do not feel forced to accept as absolute verities

such advertisements as the above: which, while not making it as an absolute statement, leave it to be inferred that the person indicated is *non compos mentis*.

The daily papers occasionally contain accounts of men and women who have been wrongfully disposed of at some "Retreat" for the benefit of some relative hungry after a fortune, or some enemy whose character or liberty is justly endangered while the victim in question is at large. Such narratives usually come to the knowledge of the general public through efforts made in court, through a writ of *habeas corpus*, to obtain freedom for one thus wrongfully held, often for many years, and where there is not and never has been the slightest reason for charging mental alienation. And this is the only way in which such a victim can hope to "escape"; for a flight like the one detailed in the present advertisement finds the

runaway in a situation where every man, woman and child is his enemy and his pursuer. Branded with the horrible charge, no attempt at explanation on his part, however lucid, however obviously reasonable, can gain for him a moment's consideration. If caught by anyone, the fact that he answers the description in the "hue-and-cry" is looked upon as *prima facie* evidence that he is demented, a dangerous lunatic; and despite his imploring, his protestations, he is held by force until his keepers can be communicated with, when he is handed over to them. The terrors and the horrors that accompany his return to the "Retreat"—the hideous nightmares of brutality and cruelty that there seize upon him—are secrets between the victim, his persecutors and the Maker of all!

Suppose such an escaped victim be as sane as anyone who reads this writing!—and the possibility of this cannot be gainsaid—is there any torture possible to the mind and heart of man in the least comparable with the anguish which he must feel as he strives to put miles between himself and those whom he dreads worse than death? Utterly ignorant of what measures may have been taken for his recapture in these days of instantaneous communication, he sees in every human creature a natural foe, whose impulse and determination to surrender him he implicitly believes. On the road he shuns the wayfarer; on ferryboat and railroad car every passenger appears to his distorted sense of insecurity a spy and a detective; each new town and city that he enters he imagines to be provided (as it probably is) with full information and personal description by telegraph. The out-of-the-way restaurant, where he ventures to obtain a meal, threatens him with a danger in every customer. Hotels and lodging-houses are presumed by him to be under special instructions for his detention. He dare not appeal to friends or relatives, for, in the one instance, he knows that his fate will be instant and sure, while in the other, he is equally aware that the brand of "Mad Man!" has been spread far and wide to his certain peril.

But we are assuming much—say the wiseacres—in taking sanity for granted in such a case.

It may be in the present instance that the person described in the advertisement is as "mad as a March

hare"; but it is not in the least likely. The very ease and simplicity and speed of communication on which the advertiser relies is against such a theory. A man who is only advertised for in November when he has been missing from a "Retreat" since September 10th, is not likely to be dead, or a dangerous lunatic. In either case, surely weeks would not have passed without his being heard from in some connection. Oh, we know all about the hundreds of "mysterious disappearances" that are never accounted for; but those are of sane persons. It is not so very difficult for one in the full possession of his senses, if he have not committed a crime, to disappear and secrete himself—perhaps never to come to light again. But in the case of one properly incarcerated in a "Retreat," such a purpose must necessarily meet with insurmountable obstacles. And there is no such instance on record among the very many escapes from lunatic asylums and "Retreats" during the past few years. Sooner or later they have inevitably been found and reincarcerated.

But it may be admitted that in the present case the person advertised for is insane, or weak-minded. It may be admitted that he is dead, and that his body will be found before this writing reaches our readers, or that, being insane, he will be recaptured and restored to the Connecticut "Retreat," possibly by means of this very advertisement. All of that admission does not in the least militate against the propriety, the force of our contention. Sane, or insane, it is an outrage to brand a man with such an affluant portraiture as is given in that advertisement—for the shaming and paining of everyone connected with him, either by ties of blood or friendship. The utter heartlessness of it; the hideous lack of appreciation of what is due to humanity—alive, or dead, sane or mad; this is something quite beyond customary experience of even the gross want of consideration so commonly met with in our day and generation.

Under no condition, except that of the commission of a crime, has anyone the right to thus publicly place a fellow-being outside the pale of humanity and the law, for even the law has often proved unequal to the righting of the wrongs which have been committed behind the shelter of the "Retreat." It is deemed a hard thing for a man to be disfranchised, a woman to be declasser, a lawyer to be dis-barred, a priest to be unfrocked. Edward Everett Hale wrote his most thrilling and pathetic tale when he related the history of "A Man Without a Country." But in all these instances there is the vital preliminary of a wrong committed, a sin unpurged, an error unrepented. In the case of the unfortunate being under present consideration, and as regards those allied to him, there is no such charge, nor any other save that of misfortune, at the very worst. While, with the supposition that such an unfortunate being may be himself the victim of one of these outrages that sometimes come to public knowledge, to stir the blood and arouse the just resentment of the least sympathetic, the most callous—with such a supposition possible the mind and heart recoil from the colossal infamy of the act.

There is no purpose and no need in the present writing to go outside of legitimate comment on the publication of the advertisement with which we have headed our criticism of its character and intent. No future disclosure concerning the case can possibly have any bearing as to mitigation of the deadly wrong committed against the unhappy man whose name and personality are therein given to the multitudinous winds of public comment with the same degree of forbearance that would be extended to him if he were a bank-robber, a "Jack-the-Ripper," a sneak-thief or a "fence." What right has the keeper of a private asylum to strive to retain the stipend he receives for the charge of his victims by thus announcing publicly, and by the same means, his incapacity for the task he has undertaken, and his cold-blooded heartlessness in calling in the general public to act as his detectives and his jailers?

Mad Man! Mad Man! Hue-and-cry!

### THE WORLD.

The world is well lost when the world is wrong,  
No matter how men deride you;  
For if you are patient and firm and strong  
You will find in time (though the time be long)  
That the world wheels 'round beside you.

If you dare to sail first o'er a new thought track,  
For awhile it will scourge and score you;  
Then, coming abreast with a skilful tack,  
It will clasp your hand and slap your back,  
And vow it was there before you.

Aye, many an error the old world makes  
And many a sleepy blunder;  
But ever and always at last it wakes  
With pitiless scorn for another's mistakes,  
And the fools who have followed go under.

The world means well, though it wander and stray  
From the straight, short cut to duty;  
So go ahead in that path, I say,  
For after awhile it will come your way,  
Bringing its pleasure and beauty.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

### PRIZES FOR ARTISTS.

TO ENCOURAGE art and artists, the management of ONCE A WEEK hereby offers a prize of **One Hundred Dollars** to the artist who shall, within the next two months, send us the most original and artistic idea for a Christmas page, and **Fifty Dollars** to the artist sending us the next best, the two prize drawings to become the property of ONCE A WEEK.

All drawings must be in black and white and accompanied by sufficient postage for their return if unavailable. The prize-winner will be selected by a committee consisting of Mr. R. F. Zogbaum, Mr. W. A. Rogers and Mr. W. Lewis Fraser.

The contest will close December 1, 1892, and the prizes will be awarded as soon thereafter as possible.

The size of the drawings sent must not be less than 9x13 nor more than 16x20 inches, and must be in black and white, in pen and ink, or wash. All drawings must be addressed to

The Christmas Prize Editor,  
ONCE A WEEK.



## PURELY PERSONAL.

THOMAS F. GILROY, who has just been elected mayor of New York, is a tall-built, keen-eyed man of genial yet determined manner, with a bushy mustache that is streaked with gray, and is rising nine-and-forty. Like many other distinguished Americans, he is an Irishman, having emigrated to the United States with his mother at the age of six. He attended the public schools and duly graduated from the Free Academy. He early set himself to learning the trade of a printer, which he followed for a number of years. He jilted "the case," however, for a clerkship in the Croton Aqueduct Board. This was in 1864. He subsequently became successively clerk in the county clerk's office and clerk in two civil district courts. In 1884 he was appointed a deputy in the county clerk's office by James A. Flack, and upon the election of the latter to the office of sheriff became deputy sheriff, which position he held until appointed commissioner of public works by Mayor Grant, an office he still holds. He has been a member of Tammany Hall for many years, and has occupied many leading positions in that organization.

WILLIAM MORRIS, the poet, who is said to have recently refused an offer of the vacant laureateship, is a short-set, broad-shouldered man of robust build, with keen, lustrous eyes, a curly mane of tangled, gray hair, and a full, flowing beard. He is forcible in manner, waxes his mustache and wears spectacles. He always affects rough apparel, his general get-up being decidedly nautical, and it is said that nothing pleases him quite so much as to be mistaken for a sailor. In fact he courts it. Not very long since, while sauntering through one of the crooked riverside streets in the old part of London, he was overhauled by a seafaring man. "Avast there," cried the stranger; "don't I know you? weren't you at one time mate of the brig *Sea Swallow*?" To be mistaken for a sailor was delightful, but to be taken for the mate of a ship bearing so poetic a name was simply glorious. "Yes, I am he," said Morris, and he locked arms with the stranger, piloted him to the nearest alehouse and filled him full of food and drink. The poet is now eight-and-fifty and is a graduate of Oxford. He early turned his attention to the study of architecture, and, in 1868, together with his friends Dante, Gabriel, Rossetti and Burne Jones, endeavored to set on foot a movement for elevating the artistic taste of the public by starting an "art fabrics" concern for the manufacture of wall-paper, stained glass, tiles and other household decorations. Though undertaken as an artistic venture, the concern has proved extremely successful. His leisure moments Morris devoted to the composition of poetry. "The Earthly Paradise," a series of twenty-four romantic tales, is, perhaps, his best-known work. It appeared in 1868-70. He has recently translated the *Odyssey* of Homer, and rendered into English verse a number of Icelandic legends. He says he intends hereafter to be his own printer, and at least one of his forthcoming volumes will be issued from the press he has established in a cottage near his home. He is an enthusiastic antiquarian, and has long been one of the leaders of the socialist movement in England, but he recently declared that he had pretty nearly exhausted all he had to say on the subject, and that he would gradually give up lecturing, at which he has been so indefatigable of late years. His wife, who is a singularly beautiful woman, lives a remarkably secluded life, hardly any of the poet's closest intimates having ever seen her.

PROFESSOR MARK HARRINGTON, who is chief of the Weather Bureau at Washington, is a stout-built man of middling height with a closely trimmed bristly brown beard, and has a manner indicative of unusual executive ability. He is rising five-and-forty. Having learned all that the University of Michigan could teach him, he graduated from that seat of learning in 1868. Three years later he accompanied the United States Coast Survey to Alaska as astronomical aid. Upon their return he became an instructor in the biological department of his university, and in 1876 proceeded to Germany to pursue his studies further. In 1878 he went to China to become professor of astronomy and mathematics in the school of the Chinese foreign office at Peking, and as director of the observatory there, he introduced into China the first large telescope which had been seen in that country. He subsequently resigned in order to accept the position of professor of biological science in the Louisiana State University. He returned to Ann Arbor in the following year to take the professorship of astronomy, which he held until 1891, when he was appointed to succeed General Greeley as chief of the Weather Bureau. Besides editing the *American Meteorological Journal*, he has published several papers and pamphlets upon scientific subjects, and has compiled an almanac for the Chinese Government. He is accounted one of the highest living authorities upon meteorology and climatic problems.

WILSON BARRETT, the noted English actor, now playing in this country, is a short-set, rather stockily built man of middling height, with a classically handsome though somewhat bloated face and semi-long hair that is black as Indian ink. He is six-and-forty, but has aged considerably in appearance during the last few years. He is said in theatrical circles to be the most inartistic dresser of any actor on the stage—not only inartistic, but even commonplace in the manner he arranges himself. He is, however, one of the most methodical-minded of men imaginable regarding his business arrangements, which is decidedly an uncommon virtue among players. He is also noted for his wonderful powers of endurance, which were displayed during his first visit to Boston, where he did not have twenty hours' sleep during the whole week of his stay. Melodrama is his forte, but, withal, he can play *Hamlet*, and he has done quite as much conscientious work on the presentation of plays of the romantic and classic order as Henry Irving.

## TO FILL A LONG-FELT WANT.

AS THE glorious orbs of poetry have one by one been disappearing in darkness; as such lights as Whittier, Whitman and Tennyson have been plucked out, the question has more than once been agitated: "Who is there coming on to take the places of these great singers? Where is the poet who can create like Tennyson, thrill like Walt Whitman, or soothe like Whittier?"

It has been generally conceded that in the realms of poetry was a fast-widening and ever-deepening want which would not be filled in a hurry.

But ONCE A WEEK is delighted to announce that it has discovered a poet warranted to fill any reasonable want in a given time.

He hails from Illinois and his name is Jones. The divine afflatus has descended upon Mr. Jones, and he has burst into song. In those delicate and fantastic flights of fancy which under the title of "Birch-Rod Days," Mr. Jones has just published, one finds traces of all those chaste and subtle elements that go to make up the ideal poet. Here is imagination, here is strength; here, too, is that elusive quality, so conspicuous by its absence in much of the modern school of poetry, called sympathy. Mr. Jones has tears in his voice as he sings.

Other people will have tears in their eyes when they read his poems.

Joined to a felicity and fecundity of expression is a stupendity of thought, well-nigh overpowering, as in the poem entitled "The Cross, Ill-natured Man." After adjuring a "winsome rover" to search every nook and dell, if happily he may find any meaner vermin on earth than a cross man, Mr. Jones cries in one tremendous outburst of passion:

"The spider stings with poison;  
The scorpion unto death;  
The flea doth tickle o'er our leg;  
The ghost doth take our breath.  
But, oh! you cross, ill-natured man;  
You snarling, snapping creature;  
You are the leader of the van,  
The meanest of all torture.  
You poison our finer feelings;  
You pierce us like a dart;  
The day so warm and sunny—  
You make it cold and dark;  
Should anyone seem funny  
It breaks your jealous heart."

Could anything be finer? The breadth of treatment united with the coloring make a picture in words fitly chosen like apples of gold.

Then there is the spirited poem of "The Disastrous Crossing," filled with action, vibrant with life, yet, possessing through all its intense movement, an undercurrent of sadness, a monotone, a threnody. It is a great pity that space forbids the entire reproduction of this gem. One stanza alone, however, will allure the reader Jonesward:

"I hear complaint, that our neighbor's cow,  
That in venturing sees a passing train;  
And in trying to make the crossing—how?  
In front of an engine—Alas! in vain.  
For the engineer, in a reckless way  
Drives his engine—a deadly missile—  
With the pilot catching any cow astray,  
Never ringing a bell or sounding whistle!  
Why on McShane's crossing last Saturday night,  
Number Six, a passenger, two hours late,  
Caught Smith's best Jersey, and killed outright  
His old milk cow with a loitering gait."

Indeed, many of these beautiful poems are written in a minor key that strangely moves the sympathetic reader. Take the mournful ballad of "The Lion and the Whale":

"A Lion roaming on the pebbly shore  
Espied a Whale on the surface basking,  
And calling to him in a loud roar,  
Began these questions asking:

"As I am the king of the lands,  
And you the king of the seas,  
Would it not be proper that we join hands  
And have power to do as we please?"

"It chanced the Lion was first in a fight,  
Attacking a Bull one day,  
And he called to the Whale with all his might,  
To take the Bull's gores away."

Naturally enough, the whale could not materialize on dry land, and the ultimate fate of the lion with the "bull's gores" in his sides was inexpressibly sad. Mr. Jones has contrived to throw his whole soul in these pathetic lines, and one is quite in despair as one reads. There really has been nothing like it in literature since the memorable conversation held by the bulldog on the bank and the bullfrog in the pool. It will be recalled that the bulldog called the bullfrog "a green, old water fool," and the only criticism that the ultra-fastidious could possibly make on this ballad is that Mr. Jones neglected to make his lion revile the whale in like terms for his non-support in the awful hour of peril.

But while one reads these passages with a mist before his eyes and a sense of the hollowness of things in general, one cries out: "Is there then no sunshine in Jones? Is he all gloom?"

By no means. Within this volume one finds rare wit and playful fancy. Sometimes Mr. Jones chants a merry roundelay; anon he gambols with rhythm and capers merrily with measure. Witness his ode to the mocking-bird:

"Glorious song-bird, with voice like a lute:  
Now piping away in tones of the flute;  
O how I love thee! Birdie so free,  
Exulting in thy song-mimicry;  
Mew, mew, mew,  
Ho, ho, you!  
Never mind, birdie, I will have none of that—  
Mew, mew, mew,  
You think to delude me to call you a cat!"

The Byronic element is not lacking in Mr. Jones's poetry. While he by no means belongs to the school of throbbing erotomania there is a tincture of romance percolating through his ditties which at times recalls Swinburne. Thus:

"Then, like lilies so fair, sun-kissed in the air,  
The smile of woman will leaven;  
In the age of decline, when pressed by old Time,  
Woman makes life to us Heaven."

"For there is nothing life so cheers,  
As the sweet wives we call our dears,  
Earth's pleasures then are rife."

These passages have the true Swinburnian smack. On the other hand, the artlessness of Wordsworth permeates this simple idyl:

MADIE GREEN.

"In the twilight of an evening,  
In the dear old month of June,  
When the air was filled with fragrance—  
When the roses were in bloom;  
I met by chance a maiden,  
Fair, fair as ever was seen,  
And I loved her from that moment—  
Pretty, pretty Madie Green.  
Never was a lovelier lady,  
None fairer have I seen  
Than my little dark-eyed Madie—  
Pretty, pretty Madie Green."

Indeed one might go on for an indefinite period discovering new beauties in Jones's idyls. He may well be termed the polyglot poet of the prairies, so varied are the languages through which he speaks to his readers.

The world of letters will welcome this "fresh" poet. It is a truism that when the occasion demands the man is forthcoming.

Mr. Jones has arrived at the proper moment to stop a gap.

E. S. T.

## "THE ETHICS OF THE LAW."

THE FORTHCOMING NOVEL BY JOHN HUBERT GREUSEL.

If you like a straight-away narrative, upon a theme thoroughly unique and outside the beaten path, read the forthcoming novel in the ONCE A WEEK LIBRARY, "The Ethics of the Law," by John Hubert Greusel.

Like all exceptional stories, "The Ethics of the Law" is not only intensely entertaining, but offers food for absorbing reflection.

In its arrangement of some strange abuses in our present system of jurisprudence, telling how a man dies for a crime of which he is innocent, it is effectively dramatic and legitimately sensational.

The revelations as to the mortifying treatment of public charges in the big almshouse on Blackwell's Island, together with a recital of the shocking state of affairs which at present obtains in that famous New York dungeon, the Tombs, will call forth widest comment.

"The Ethics of the Law" has not been surpassed in its deep human interest, and is doubly fascinating from the fact that what it tells is strictly true to life.

Its deep, moral suggestiveness is equaled only by its sensational conclusions. To read the book is to talk about it with friends, and to talk about it is to kindle consuming convictions as to the absolute need of certain legal, political and social reforms.

The book will be issued with a guaranteed clientele of one million readers for the first edition, with the added publicity of a special edition for New York.

This novel will constitute Nos. 7 and 8, Vol. 10, of ONCE A WEEK LIBRARY.

## CRUSHED IN ARCTIC WATERS.

THE whaler *Helen Mar* was crushed in the whaling grounds of the Arctic Ocean and thirty-four men were lost. Only one of the five survivors reached San Francisco on the 9th inst., and he is now in the Marine Hospital for treatment. The story which this survivor, named Koshan, told through an interpreter illustrates the perils of whaling in the far north. The *Helen Mar* was an old



but stanch boat, which sailed from the Golden Gate on December 24th last. On October 6th, when in latitude 71 degrees north, the vessel took two whales. The crew were so busy in trying out the catch that they didn't observe the swift current carrying them toward a great ice floe, in the center of which was a huge iceberg.

When they observed their peril there was no time left to escape wreck. The sharp edge of the ice cut through her hull as a knife cuts cheese. Two masts snapped off and fell on the ice, and the vessel went down as though the bottom had dropped out. Fifth Mate William Ward and four men leaped to the ice floe, and saved their lives. They saw the captain and the first mate struggling in the water, but could not lend any help. In five minutes the captain and thirty-three men had found a watery grave.

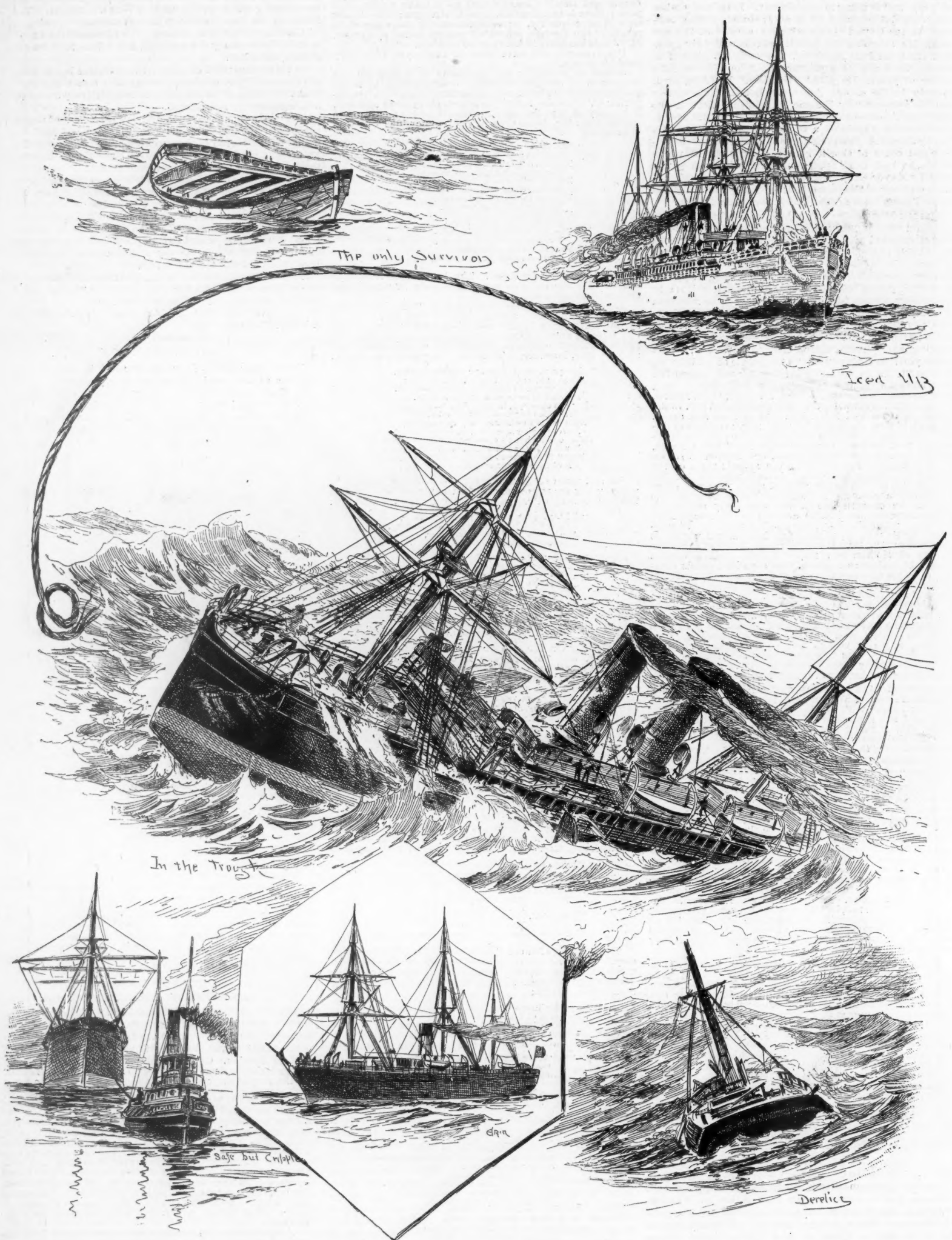
The situation of the men on the ice floe was desperate, as they were at the mercy of the icy winds and without shelter. They hoisted a shirt on a fragment of a spar and waited for help from some passing vessel. They spent forty-eight hours on the ice before they were seen by the steam whaler *Orica*, which mistook them for walrus. Soon after, the steam whaler *Beluga* came along and took the men on board. All except Koshan were left at Unalaska, as they were badly frozen. They will recover, but Mate Ward will be a cripple.

## NEW TABLE DECORATIONS.

THE old-time custom of removing the cloth before the dessert, leaving the bare mahogany, is revived. Those hostesses who are fortunate enough to possess heirlooms in the shape of an old table, will rejoice at this latest dictate of fashion. Chrysanthemums are the fashionable flower for table-decoration, and yellow the favorite color. At the flower show at Madison Square Garden, the table that was unanimously voted the most beautiful by such judges as Ward McAllister and Prince Poniatowski, was devised by Mrs. Thomas H. Spaulding. In the center was a huge heap of yellow chrysanthemums and maiden-hair fern, laid on a cream lace scarf over a deep-yellow satin cloth. The glass service was Venetian ornamented with a dainty tracery of golden flowers. The china service was of Royal Worcester, richly decorated with gold. At each plate lay a spray of the big yellow blossoms. The cakes and bon-bons were tinted pale-yellow. There were silver lamps at each corner with yellow silk shades. The chairs were knotted and festooned with yellow satin ribbon. It was a bit of golden glory, and justly merited its encomiums.

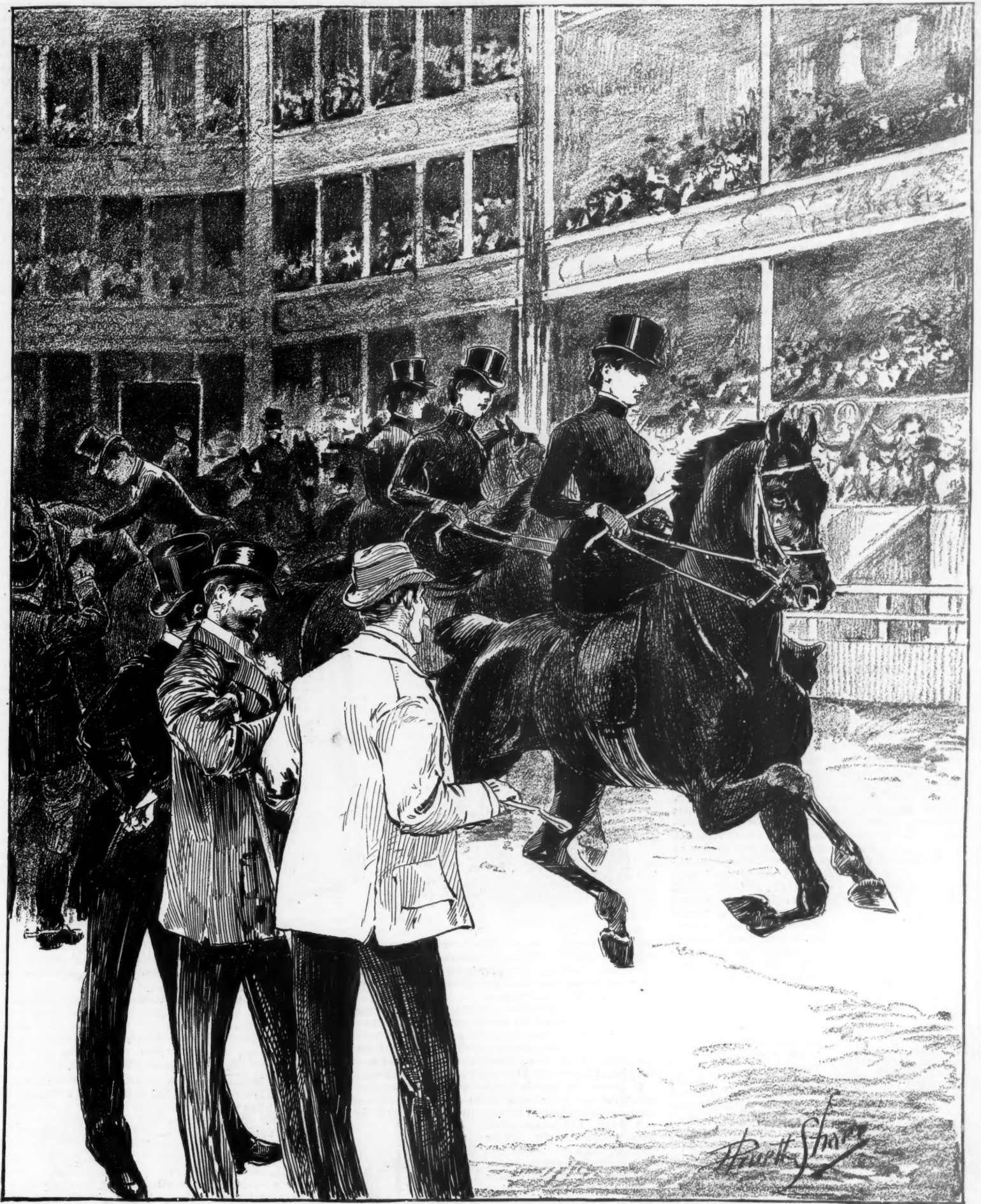
A beautiful red luncheon may be prepared in a dining-room, done in dark-red and carved black oak. Lay a great bank of wall flowers or Autumn leaves and red berries in the center of the mahogany table; arrange them so their copper and orange tones blend into the dull-red of the table. Tomato soup should be served in Kaga plates, red mullets and pâtis in great red Japanese dishes representing fish and animals. Red-brown ducks may be served on earthen platters in piles of red jelly. To carry out the scheme of coloring, the hostess should wear red with garnet ornaments.





THE OCEAN FERRY—TERRIBLE WEATHER EXPERIENCED BY THE INCOMING STEAMERS.





THE HORSE SHOW—JUDGING LADIES' SADDLE HORSES.

## AMONG THE MONEY-MAKERS.

THE Wall Street prophets who before the election were loud in their declarations that in the event of Democratic success the stock market would go to pieces, have already come to grief. True, on the day after election, the bear leaders made an effort to make good the predictions of calamity, but the amount of their success was measured by an average drop of less than a point. Furthermore, things went their way for something less than three hours, at the expiration of which time the professionals had reached the conclusion that possibly there was some value left in the standard securities of the country.

The political changes which the voters of the nation have decreed shall take place next March should not cause alarm to the holders of American securities, be they railway or industrial stocks. This is not the time to discuss the tariff, but it is safe to say that while there

may be disturbance in some quarters benefits will accrue in others which will more than offset any possible losses. Neither is there anything in the silver situation which need cause alarm. The Democratic party is pledged to do nothing which will disturb the world's unit of value, and the good sense of the rank and file will check any of the leaders who may show a disposition to act at variance with that understanding. Then, as to the currency. Much has been said during the campaign just closed about the opposition of the Republicans to wildcat currency, but not a word has been said by the Democrats to prove that they are in favor of any currency a dollar of which is not as good as a dollar of any other kind of currency, be the same gold, silver, copper or paper. The leaders of the Democratic party may be relied upon not to pull down the splendid system which has been built up. Changes will have to be made in time, but the time is not likely to come during the next four years.

It will take more power than either of the great political parties possess to hold this great country down. The

writer of this has recently visited many of the great cities of the nation, and, in going from one to another, has seen much of the country. He has talked with men in all positions, with railway managers, manufacturers, farmers, miners, producers of all kinds, and with mechanics and laborers less skilled. In no instance was despondency found. On the contrary, prosperity was everywhere apparent and was the basis of the universal sentiment of hopefulness which prevailed. The natural growth of the country is something which few men appreciate when they talk dismally of the future.

The prices of stocks in Wall Street may halt, or may even decline, but the country has passed the period when there is danger of its going backward. The era of development is only beginning, but it is here and has acquired such momentum that there is no danger of its being checked by any ordinary calamity. Mistakes in legislation may be and undoubtedly will be made, but the good sense of the American people will rectify them, and the country will continue to grow and prosper. MIDAS.





## THE SHOWS IN THE NEW YORK SHOPS.

NEVER were the shops more fascinating and seductive than now. The shopper needs to keep a tight hand on her purse lest her money melt away. The piles of wonderful



"THE MOST GRACEFUL I SAW."

glittering silks, of shot velvets and satins, the heaps of filmy lace, the rows of smart jackets and coats, the fluffy boas and muffs, are simply irresistible. A recent visit to all the leading New York shops established certain fashion details in which every woman will be interested. Brown and tan are undoubtedly the favorite colors for coats and jackets. The light tan coats faced with mink and beaver and ornamented with huge white pearl buttons are very smart and showy. More serviceable are the golden-brown coats trimmed with darker fur. Many have velvet capes and sleeves, often of contrasting color. A brown jacket, for illustration, had cape and sleeves of violet velvet. This, however, was not as pleasing as the coats trimmed with the same color. Mink tail is a very fashionable trimming for coats. The coats and jackets are all long, short jackets being utterly passé. Many of the jackets are tight-fitting, though the majority are slightly loose front and back. The evening cloaks are in diverse shapes and delightful combinations of color. One exquisite creation was of Nile-green corded silk, with a lining of soft, Indian mauve silk and a trimming of feathers, in which these two delicate hues were artistically blended. Less expensive cloaks can be bought, made of white or delicate-colored cloth, lined with white silk and trimmed with fur, feathers or bands of silk. Many have double or triple capes on the shoulders, cut round or pointed front and back to suit individual fancy. Here is one of the most graceful cloaks shown. It is of pale-pink cloth with a fairly long cape of the same material, and a shorter one above of white silk embroidered with pink, gold and silver tinsel; these capes are edged with pink feather trimming, though narrow edgings of dark fur would be quite as effective.

For a long time lace has been the favorite trimming, and it still is greatly used on both gowns and bonnets; but embroidery, passementerie and fringes are quite as fashionable. Lovely passementeries in Autumn colorings—red, brown and gold—are shown and the display of novelties in this line is unique. One of the most beautiful costumes shown at an importer's was trimmed with embroidery and fringe. It was a French gown and showed its origin in design and cut. Here it is. The skirt is of



"A STUDY IN AUTUMN TINTS."

brocade, red and yellow chrysanthemums on gold-brown. Two bands of red, yellow and brown passementerie trim one side, and the belt is made of the same garniture. The sleeves are of golden-brown velvet and the deep fringe which nearly covers the bodice repeats the Autumn wood-tints of the passementerie. The muff is of velvet and the dainty bonnet is a trifle of brown velvet, tiny yellow chrysanthemums and gold-brown osprey. The entire costume, designed for a visiting gown, is a study in Autumn tints. In hats, the most fashionable combinations are green and brown, yellow and brown and green and black. Some smart hats in scarlet and black are shown, but this combination will be more popular later. Every pale, weazened little woman appears to be wearing magenta or purple and the result is appalling. Velvet will be more fashionable than felt this season and everything will be loaded with ostrich feathers. Fur, too, will be greatly used both on hats and bonnets, though it is really a ridiculous style. Coal-scuttle bonnets, small, but precisely like those worn by our great-grandmothers, are coming in. They are but little trimmed, a band of embroidery round the crown and two absurd little feathers like horns stuck in front, being all the necessary decoration. Loose crowns, quite like befeater caps, are stuck on broad brims, and hats

with monstrous bows of velvet are in every shop-window. In fact, never before was millinery quite so hideous as this season. The woman of taste will be shy of these extreme modes which are but for the moment, and will sensibly buy what is most becoming without regard to what "they wear."

## A THREATENED REVIVAL OF FASHION.

ALL fashionable tailors and dressmakers are confidently predicting that the coming season will witness a revival of the fashions of 1830. It is said that huge sleeves, deep revers, crinoline, coal-scuttle bonnets and white stockings are impending. One has only to look on this picture and then on that to see that these prophecies of evil have some foundation. Mark the quaint manner in which our grandmothers dressed, and then note the smart costume recently designed for a New York girl's theater gown. Not so startling a discrepancy already. This theater gown, by the way, has a skirt and sleeves of green



1830.

satin. The bodice is of daffodil-yellow velvet, ornamented with paste buttons. The hat, behind which some unfortunate man will dodge and peer in the vain attempt to see something of the play, is of dark-green felt, with bows of yellow and feathers of black.

The Empire skirt which is used in this costume, although quite suitable for wearing with most of the fashionable bodices, has been specially prepared, to be mounted to a short, round bodice, with slight gathers in front and closer ones at the back. It takes four yards of a forty-eight inch material for a slim figure. For a complete skirt, four pieces are required—two straight ones, without seams, for the front and back, the latter being on an average three inches longer, and two triangular pieces for the side gores, which are each made from a straight, narrow breadth, with the edges cut off in a point toward the waist. This skirt, which barely touches the ground, promises to be very popular.

## THE RUSSIAN BLOUSE AND TOQUE.

THE Russian blouse still holds its own on Broadway and Fifth avenue. Of late its shape is modified and clings closer to the figure. The smart girl, who goes in for all kinds of Russian fancies, has now added the Slav toque to her belongings. Here is a charming illustration of a bit of Russianophilia seen on Broadway last week. The girl was fair and golden-haired, and wore one of those rough, shaggy cloths so exceedingly smart this Fall. It



"RUSSIA AND BROADWAY."

was shot, of course, copper, dull-blue and orange being the prevailing tints. Copper-colored velvet was introduced about the bodice and on the sleeves, as shown in the illustration, and the fluffy, yellow hair was crowned by this saucy little Russian toque with its defiant pom-pours. The effect was charming on this young, slender creature. It would not be so happy on women of years and avoirdupois.

## FANCIES, FOLLIES AND FADS.

A QUITE recent fad is to have twelve sets of bonnet-pins, one for each month. Pearls to represent snow for January; February, being a rainy month, has aquamarine; March, crocus-colored amethysts; April, daffodil-hued topaz; emeralds are considered appropriate for May and pink pearls for June. And so each month is represented by some stone supposed to typify its attractions.

Children are dressed in warm pelisses, made with full sleeves shirred into narrow wristbands, and having over the shoulders a little cape outlined with fur. The favorite headgear appears to be soft, long-haired felt hats, trimmed with windmill sailbows of Tartan ribbon, velvet, satin or plush. Some of them are tied under the chin in a droll little bow. Dark-green cloth appears to be the favorite material and color for little girls, while the boys are usually arrayed in blue.

New ribbons are many of them reversible in two colors. There are many fancy plaids, with contrasting cord edges—pink on green, straw on blue, etc.; and the borders are accompanied by tiny spots to match—blue on gold, green on pink, baize on yellow, pink on gold, for the variety of colors is great. Some of the satin ribbons show silk stripes half an inch apart; others horizontal corded stripes, with satin on the other side; some have wide stripes, half of satin, half of velvet, edged with close-set rows of cord. The Paisley borders are worn, also velvet ribbons with stripes. There are a good many shaded reversible ribbons, green and drab being combined, blue and green, peach and yellow. Some of the silk ribbons have a line across, and there is a pretty little narrow satin ribbon, with white feathers brocaded upon it, the edge following the outline of the feathers. Silk ribbons with ottoman centers, and brocades with figures like grass are fashionable. Beautiful shaded ribbons show Japanese designs, and velvet tartans have tinsel effects introduced.

The latest style of hair-dressing is imported from London. It is a large chignon at the nape of the neck. The hair is divided down the center and then dressed as if it had been waved or crimped. It is an appalling and ugly fashion.

Many silk petticoats have tiny flounces on the wrong side as well as on the right; the newest tailor-made gowns are lined with silk and have little frills of the same material underneath the edges of the skirt.

## LITTLE MAIDS OF HONOR.

MANY brides prefer to be attended to the altar by sweet little children, and there is always a demand for original ideas for costuming these tiny maids of honor. At a recent fashionable wedding, the little bridesmaid was dressed like a tiny Priscilla, wearing a quaint gown of yellow, brocaded silk mull, made with a guimpe, and full, puffed sleeves of white silk mull. Instead of a hat, this dear little girl wore a close-fitting Puritan hood of yellow velvet with a white border. She carried a hanging bouquet of yellow and white roses tied with broad yellow satin ribbon, and the cunning little creature received quite as much admiration as the bride herself.



"A TINY PRISCILLA."

## THE SOCIAL WHIRL.

DAY—"What is Nibsey doing these days?"  
WEEKS—"He runs a livery in Brooklyn, when there is anything going on in society."  
DAY—"Much of a livery?"  
WEEKS—"So so; four or five dress suits."



## A WEEK OF THE WORLD.

ELECTION day has come and gone; there has been a political revolution as complete as that which made Lincoln President, yet there were no troops on guard at any polling places, nor have there been any bloody outbreaks of remonstrance against the popular will as expressed at the ballot-box. Thoughtful Americans, no matter of which party they are members, should take this fact to heart and keep it there, to fall back upon in coming times, when croakers will insist that the nation will go to the dogs unless certain policies are upheld, for in this respect a people truly free and independent is superior to all whose dependence is entirely upon leaders. In other nations nominally great the people never change their minds; England is an exception to this rule, but only because England, with all her faults, has made the ballot about as free and untrammelled as it is here. The difference between the two countries, however, is marked to this extent—a general English election is only for members of the law-making body, while Americans have so many State and local interests to complicate the situation that only by much thinking and scratching can anyone make up his ticket of multitudinous names and offices. Any voter in the United States, no matter how the general result may please or displease him, should take a heart full of courage from the evidences of patience, thoughtfulness and placidness with which the country has discharged its duty and accepted the general outcome. Never was there a time when we as a people had better reason to be proud that we are Americans.

ONCE A WEEK is not a political paper, much less a partisan journal. It fully concedes the right, and it insists upon the duty, of each citizen to express his opinions by his ballot; but, with all possible respect for individual opinion, it begs to offer a practical suggestion to the members of the two parties—the "People's" and the Prohibitionists—who went to the polls only as forlorn hopes go into battle. Their fault—and it was a fatal one—was that they demanded too much. No one doubts that too much rum is consumed in the United States, nor that the farmer is less fortunate than any other industrious worker in getting ready cash for the results of his labor. But—fateful little word!—when both of the above-named parties insisted upon extreme measures they alienated public sympathy, without which no party ever succeeded. In a fist fight it may be necessary to battle for all or nothing, but politics don't work that way. The rule of politics is to work for what you may fairly expect, leaving the remainder to be worked for later. If the parties named will remember this next time they take the field, they may emerge from the contest with something more practical than their convictions.

Toward the end of the recent political campaign a number of political sermons, so-called, were preached, and, stranger still, scarcely an editor in the land pricked one of them with his pen. Time was when politics were so dirty that for a minister to touch them seemed defilement, but there has been a change, and no one knows it better than the wide-awake editor. One of the recent sermons alluded to was by Cardinal Gibbons, and it was so good that all men should preserve it in their pocketbooks or family Bibles until the next day on which they may have to vote. Among other counsel which was above criticism Cardinal Gibbons said: "Give your suffrages to men of clean hands and hearts, who are above the taint of corruption and who are conspicuous for integrity of character." The moral point of this is plain to everyone; there is, besides, the practical point that men, not parties, are the real rulers, and that no platform is worth a cent unless an absolutely trustworthy man is upon it, and there to stay.

About this time each year a full hundred thousand young Americans are in the depths of gloom because they have not had sufficient influence or education to secure West Point cadetships for which they competed two or three months before. Such of them as have the amount of mental and physical courage which an army officer needs might take heart from the example set by some sons of army officers who enlisted in the ranks, continued their studies in camp and have recently won commissions by competitive examination. There is no fun, however, in the preliminary course of service, so boys who want to be soldiers for fun would better remain at home and hire out as farm-hands. Service in the ranks of our little army means hard work and no glory; it also means that the soldier must be very careful about his associates if he expects the commendation of his company commander, which counts for much before an examining board. Of the nine enlisted men who recently won commissions from the final Board of Examination three were sons of army officers, though not one of them served with his own father.

Score one more for the missionaries! Theodore Child, one of the best of the writers who have a rage for traveling, went a few months ago to Persia to write a lot of magazine articles. When he reached Tabriz he found the city deserted by everyone, physicians included, who could get away, for the cholera had come in with its customary scare. There were no hotels at which a stranger could stop, but a missionary-physician kindly invited Mr. Child and his companion to make themselves at home. Later, Mr. Child was struck down by cholera, but his missionary host, although overworked through caring for the afflicted poor of the city, took him in hand and pulled him through. Professional travelers are usually cosmopolites, without special fondness for missionaries, but Mr. Child's letter to his publishers shows that he has made a notable exception of this particular case.

New York has suppressed the policeman's club, and other cities and towns will do well to follow her example. In all other countries of the world the policeman is hated, for he is part of the government; in our own land he,

while a visible representative of law and order, is merely one of the people, to whom certain of the people's rights and duties are delegated, and nothing should be allowed to prevent the people seeing and feeling this. Now that the club has been abandoned, a veteran police official in New York has admitted that it never was of any use except when a riot had to be suppressed; for the rest, it was a constant temptation to an officer to lose his temper and become a brute. An officer who is fit for his position is quite competent to manage a criminal with such arms as Nature has provided and the special training of his profession has improved. No honest citizen is ever afraid of a justice of the peace, or, as to that, of the highest judge in the land, and there never has been any reason, except the possibilities of the club, why anyone should fear to meet a policeman on a dark night.

Rudyard Kipling has been so roundly berated by American writers for what he in his innocence and ignorance has written about America, that it is not unpleasant to learn, through a news-letter from the portion of New England in which he has been staying, that Kipling resembles in one respect the heroes of most of his own stories—there's something good in him after all. The letter referred to, which appeared a little while ago in the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, insists that Kipling is a clever little fellow, generous, open-hearted and honest, doesn't care for notoriety, has no conceit, and wants only to be let alone, so that he may work. The writer of the letter says further that Kipling is entirely in love with New England scenery, and that he is "just the sort of neighbor to keep you humming." If all this be true, Kipling may yet heap coals of fire on the heads of his critics by doing for New England what he did for India—forcing upon public attention and admiration a lot of people whose nearest neighbors had never seen much in them to write about.

Not a month passes without a story that one or other Indian tribe is going again into the "ghost dance" business, and that the whites in the vicinity are frightened. By a coincidence not at all strange it always appears that the unfortunate tribe consists of people who have little or nothing to do. Among all these Indians are missionaries who do their best to turn the red men's attention to the one true power of heaven and earth, but what can be expected of them when even in the most civilized communities the preachers of the Christian gospel find deaf ears even among the idle and discontented. When there are rumors of disturbance in an Indian reservation the backers of such missionaries as are there should make haste to start a mill, foundry, cannery, hay-press, ranch—anything appropriate to the locality that may give the Indians steady work, steady wages, and everything which the wages can buy. Such an enterprise might not pay a dividend on the money invested, but it would civilize and Christianize the redskins, which is the great purpose of missions. There's no ghost-dancing nor scalp-raising among Indians who get three square meals a day, earning them by honest work.

The death of the Duke of Marlborough should remind young men that neither rank, money nor brains, nor all three combined, are sufficient to make a man of a fellow who has no "go" to him. The late and unlamented duke inherited one of the most illustrious titles in England, and quite a handsome income accompanied it. His head was so full of brains in good working order that many men who have become famous coveted them, yet he never became prominent except by doing something disgraceful; he dissipated his fortune by indulgence in bad habits, his wife was obliged to get a divorce from him on several counts, one of which was personal brutality; he was obliged to retrieve his fallen fortunes by marrying a rich American woman, and anyone who chances to be sorry that he died will be likely to keep his grief to himself, for fear of being laughed at as a hypocrite. Probably as little respect was felt for him as for Lord Saverlake, of whom I said something recently, for Saverlake seems to have been born mean—he did not devote fine abilities to achieving a vile reputation.

It begins to seem as if there is no longer to be any excuse for anyone, old or young, rich or poor, remaining ignorant. Between the systems of home study, at small outlay of time and money, which have been devised by several societies whose members number hundreds of thousands and the University Extension Society, which provides a course of short daily readings which will consume the spare moments of anyone for the remainder of his natural life, there has just been projected a society whose duty it will be to inform young Americans on their nation's history and on their own rights and duties as citizens. All this intellectual activity may by some be attributed to an unexpected arousing of the national conscience, but it is really due to two developments which are entirely material—cheap printing and cheap postage. Time was when books were scarcer than dollars and nowhere near as trustworthy, but the cheap and wide dissemination of good literature, at which the publisher of *ONCE A WEEK* has been as active as anyone, has made reading the fashion, and the national mail-bags convey books to the most out-of-the-way parts of the country at trifling cost. Never before was "the schoolmaster abroad" as generally as now.

JOHN HABBERTON.

BRO. JONATHAN—"Grand change!"

## WHY, OF COURSE.

We sit before the yule-log's blaze,  
She and I,  
Upon her cheek the firelight plays,  
And o'er her dainty slippers brown,  
Half hid within the gauzy gown,  
The yule-elves gay the shadows chase,  
A flush upon her dreamy face  
I descry!

The dancing fire-waves, leaping high,  
Never tire,  
The curved lash, drooping, veils her eye,  
Her lips are shaped like Dian's bow  
And Master Cupid whispers low:  
"Sir! Kiss her! I command thee to!"  
Obey his orders? Wouldn't you,  
By the fire?

A. B. TUCKER.

## PROMPT RELIEF

For biliousness,  
diarrhoea,  
nausea, and  
dizziness, take

## Ayer's Pills

the best  
family medicine,  
purely vegetable,  
Every Dose Effective

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

NEW YORK TO THE WEST VIA BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

THE B. & O. Co. now operates a complete service of fast Express trains direct from New York to Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati. Pullman Sleepers are run through from New York to the three cities named, without change or transfer.

The fastest trains in America run via B. & O. R. R. between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and all the trains are equipped with Pullman, Buffet, Parlor and Sleeping Cars.

Great improvements have been made in the roadway and equipment of the B. & O. in the last two years, and its present train service is equal to any in the land. In addition to its attractions in the way of superb scenery and historic interest, all B. & O. trains between the East and West run via Washington.

## DON'T TOBACCO SPIT YOUR LIFE AWAY

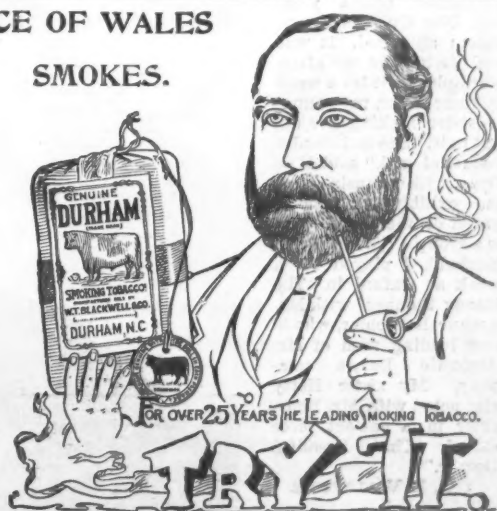
Is the startling, truthful title of a little book just received, telling all about *Notobac*, the wonderful, harmless, economical, guaranteed cure for the tobacco habit in every form. Tobacco users who want to quit and can't, by mentioning *ONCE A WEEK*, can get the book mailed free. Address THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Box 728, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.

For upwards of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES

SMOKES.

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is not like other kinds. It has peculiar fragrance and peculiar flavor. Its peculiar uniformity always gives peculiar comfort, and has made it peculiarly popular. Sold everywhere. Made only by

BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO CO., Durham, N. C.



## A PRETTY VISITOR.

GREAT BRITAIN has sent to us several beautiful actresses. Of these, the late Adelaide Neilson and Mrs. Rously will be remembered by the present generation of playgoers. More recently we have had Mrs. Langtry, who was a professional beauty before she went on the stage. Miss Dorothy Dene, who is now visiting the United States on a pleasure trip, is an English actress who certainly can lay claim to be considered a perfect type of classic beauty. Sir Frederick Leighton, president of the London Royal Academy, painted her picture about six years ago. It attracted much attention.

Miss Dene is certainly a most attractive young woman. She has clear-cut features, dark eyes and golden-brown hair. She is of middle height, with a shapely head, well poised on a neck that would form a sculptor's model. Her expression is soft, her voice rich and mellow, and her manner perfectly free from affectation. The late Robert Browning said of her that it was like listening to music to hear her read blank verse.

"My object in coming here," she said, "is simply to see the country. I have many friends in America, and as my health was somewhat impaired, I thought the trip would prove beneficial. Possibly I may appear next season in America. While I was still a student of dramatic art I made my first appearance at the Olympic Theater in London as *Maria* in 'The School for Scandal.' It was a success, and I was offered a three years' engagement, which I refused, preferring to continue my studies. I also played *Esther* in 'Lady Dedlock's Secret.' It was some time after this that I made my regular professional debut as *Pauline* in 'Called Back,' making a tour of the Provinces. You must know that two Greek plays were produced at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, in May, 1886. The performances were given under the auspices of Professor Warr, of King's College, Cambridge. I played in both pieces. One was a translation of the 'Agamemnon' of Aeschylus, the other was called 'A Tale of Troy.' In 'Agamemnon' I enacted the part of *Cassandra*, and that of *Nausicaa* in the second. Then at the Globe Theater I was *Helena* in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' and at the Comedy I played in 'The Favorite of the King.' From time to time I acted at the Adelphi, the Prince of Wales and the Haymarket.

"I have been twice on the point of coming to America with Mr. E. J. Henley and with Mr. Nat Goodwin, but in both instances the arrangements fell through. I played in 'Jack' with Mr. Eben Plympton in London. 'An Idyll' was a unique production in which I appeared at the house of Mr. Hubert Herkomer, the artist, at Bushey Park. The action was in dumb show with music instead of words. I played the part of a village maiden loved by a blacksmith. The scene was laid in the fifteenth century. Mr. Herkomer wrote the play, composed the music, painted the scenery and designed the costumes. Everything was of the most realistic description. There were nine performances given in Mr. Herkomer's private theater, which holds two hundred persons. There was an artists' day, a musicians' day, one set apart for authors, another for the Actors' Society and the inhabitants of the village. The most distinguished people in London were present and the series of entertainments were simply delightful. Everybody who was anybody in literature, art, music or the drama was there on one of the days. I think Mr. Herkomer must have got his idea of the play from Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words.'

"There are four of us sisters and we are all on the stage. Kathleen and Lena are now acting in London. We gave a matinee last Spring at the Prince of Wales's Theater. First there were some scenes from 'King John,' in which I was *Queen Constance* and my sister Hetty *Prince Arthur*. This was followed by a little play written at my suggestion called 'Sixteen Not Out.' We four sisters appeared. It was really a hit and we afterward played it for a week in Manchester, my younger sister making her debut in it. She is indeed a beautiful girl," said Miss Dene, with enthusiasm, as she exhibited a photograph of the four sisters in a group. "Before I left England, I played for a week at Oxford in 'The Money Spinner' with Mr. Arthur Bourchier, who is now leading man of Mr. Augustin Daly's company. My sister Hetty also acted with Mr. Bourchier in a one-act piece called 'That Dreadful Doctor.'"

B. B. VALLENTINE.

## A GREAT RAILROAD STATION.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad has begun work on its great terminal station on Penn Square, Philadelphia. When completed, it will be the largest and handsomest structure



A TYPE OF ENGLISH BEAUTY—MISS DOROTHY DENE.

ure of the kind in the world, not excepting the St. Pancras or Victoria stations in London. The plans are by Furness, Evans & Co., and the structure will be a mammoth ten-story building of modern Gothic architecture, whose exterior will be finished to correspond with the present station, as its construction will be of granite and brick, with the highly ornamental trimmings and bas-reliefs in terra-cotta. Necessary modifications will be introduced in the lines of the new station, so as to obviate any dwarfing of the present building, even though

part of the picturesque structure already completed is an earnest of what the entire station will be.

## THE NEW SCHOOL.

CHIPPENDALE—"Miss Fitz has taken up ornithology as a fad."

PEACOCK—"Does she study the birds in the park?"

CHIPPENDALE—"Not yet; she has just begun doing the millinery stores."



THE NEW PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD STATION AT PHILADELPHIA.

the height of the main tower will be 240 feet. A grand stairway will open directly in the center of a main waiting-room 82 feet wide by 136 feet in length. The dining-room on the second story will be 29 feet wide by 111 feet in length. This will extend along the Broad street front, while adjoining it will be a restaurant 32 feet wide by 82 feet in length. Independent of the main waiting-room there will be a women's waiting-room 56 feet by 82 feet, and a very large room for men. There will be telegraph offices, barber shops and newsstands. In its interior arrangement, designs and ornamentation it will embody everything of utility, combined with accessories to please the eye.

The main arches of the shed will have a clear span of 294 feet at track level, and a clear height at the center of 104½ feet above the top of the rail. The entire structure, with its 6,000,000 pounds of iron, will present the appearance of a gigantic sun-parlor, for its extensive roof is to be largely composed of heavy, translucent glass in iron frames. The glass in the roof alone will cover an area of 1½ acres. Although the mammoth arches span an extreme width which measures 307 feet without any intervening obstructions or supports, leaving the space clear for 16 tracks and the necessary platforms, the whole construction will be a model of strength, notwithstanding the unsuggestive lightness of the iron trusses and purlins. The





MISS ADELE HORWITZ.



MISS LOTTA R. ROBINSON.



MRS. JESSE TYSON.

THE beauty of Baltimore women is an old story—for over a century they have been world renowned. As one set after another passes off the stage, younger sisters and daughters step into the ranks, and loveliness here continues to reign triumphantly. The years in the nineties compare very favorably with former times, and the photographs of the ladies given in this issue add much to Baltimore's reputation for handsome women.

One of our pictures is that of Mrs. Jesse Tyson, whose pure face and wonderfully expressive eyes bespeak her gentle and dignified womanhood. Mrs. Tyson was Mrs. Edyth Johns before her marriage. She is well known and much admired in New York, Tuxedo, Narragansett and in other places as well as her own city. Her charming house parties at "Cylburn," her country

home, and her attractive dinners, luncheons and suppers in the season, given at her city residence, have added much to the happiness of her friends and kept up Mr. Tyson's long established character for hospitality. Mr. and Mrs. Tyson were in Europe last Summer, where they go for a few months nearly every year, and had the thrilling and disagreeable experience of being on the *Normannia* on their return home. The other photographs represent young friends of Mrs. Tyson, who are frequently with her in society, and are often guests at both her town and country homes.

No picture except a miniature could do justice to Miss



MISS MARIE STIRLING.



MISS LOUISE H. MORRIS.

Marie Stirling's perfect coloring. Her fair complexion, unhurt by sun or wind, her rarely beautiful auburn hair, could never be realized by merely seeing a sketch in black and white. Miss Stirling is also noted for her classically molded features, and she is tall, graceful and patrician in appearance. She has received unbounded admiration at home and away, yet she is thoroughly unspoiled, and her sweet, calm manner impresses strangers as well as her great beauty.

Miss Louise H. Morris is another young girl of whom Baltimore may well be proud. Some have suggested that her style is English, and she reminds one of Du Maurier's sketches. She is indeed the very essence of youth, health and vitality. Her handsome, well-rounded figure, her bright brown hair, dark-blue eyes, wild-rose color, and her ex-

FIVE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OF BALTIMORE.



quisite features make her most charming. She is, besides, unaffected and natural in manner, and lately has exhibited much talent in acting. She is often in New York with her cousin, Mrs. Richard Irvin, and has received much attention there. She has been selected to take the part of the Queen Louise, of Prussia, in an entertainment to be given in Baltimore during the early part of next season.

A lovely and most brilliant girl is Miss Adele Horwitz. All who come in contact with her are won by her cleverness. Her sparkling, witty conversation, her undoubted histrionic talent, her exquisite taste in dress are acknowledged by everyone. Miss Horwitz is said by some persons to be more like a French woman than an American, but her beauty, brilliancy and power of making herself loved are distinctly Baltimore traits.

Miss Lotta R. Robinson is another interesting girl, and her popularity in society is only equalled by the love she calls forth in her home circle. Her younger brothers and sisters adore her, and she is a truly loyal friend. In appearance and manner she is dignified and attractive; she is bright and agreeable in conversation, and is highly cultivated in music and art. These five—Mrs. Jesse Tyson, Miss Marie Stirling, Miss Louise H. Morris, Miss Adele

Horwitz and Miss Lotta R. Robinson—all so different in manner, style and appearance, illustrate very well Baltimore's varied type of attractive womanhood, and it is with just pride that *ONCE A WEEK* gives their photographs to the world.

#### VALUE OF A KIND WORD.

For fifteen years his head had never touched a pillow. He was on the road, tramping all that time.

Many had been his adventures, many his hair-breadth escapes. But he never felt so utterly sick and lonesome as that night, not long ago, when he had tramped in from Chicago and had not the price of a crust, nor a place to lay his head.

His life came before him in review, as he sat in the cheap saloon, nodding over by the wall. The girl that he had loved, he had lost her long, long ago. In all the business ventures he had made, he was always a dismal failure. He had tried a dozen trades, and had botched them all. He had been battered about from post to pillar. Now he was on the road for good.

Something in the man, his latent self-respect, maybe,

or some echo from the long-lost past, some vague phantom of the "has been" came before him that night. It must have been so, for he suddenly dashed the beer-mug on the floor and rushed madly out in the roaring storm.

"The first man I meet," he said, "will hear my case from my own lips. I will not spare myself in the least, let blame fall where it will. I will follow, without waver or hesitation, the advice the man gives me."

As he spoke thus to himself, an old school friend—the vagabond had not seen Dick Aldrich for years—came around the corner. Prosperity was written in every fat wrinkle of the stranger's face. He was the successful man of the world.

"We have been comrades together, pal, now tell me what I shall do," were the opening words that the tramp addressed to his schoolboy friend.

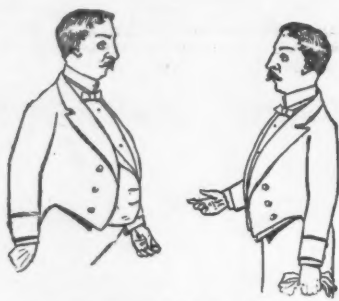
The man listened with a show of displeasure.

At last he spoke, with chilling emphasis:

"I cannot help you; and since you ask my advice, I will say that, if I led such a worthless life as your own, I would go and jump off the dock and drown myself!"

"Thank you, sir," replied the other with a bitter laugh.

The tramp's body was washed ashore next day. J. H. G.



Reduced 43 pounds in 52 days and feels better.

## OBESITY. HEAVY PEOPLE. FAT FOLKS.

### NO DIETING. NO PURGING.

Col. Henry Lee Carroll, Wheeling, W. Va., writes: "I lost 43 pounds in eleven weeks by using Dr. Edison's Obesity Band."

#### CURED IN LESS THAN TEN WEEKS.

Since using your Obesity Pills I have lost over 3 pounds a week; and feel stronger every day. I know of two ladies who have used Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills and Fruit Salt ten weeks and have lost, one 34 pounds, the other 37.

WILLIAM H. WHEELER,  
University Club, Chicago.

### OBESITY FRUIT SALT

REDUCES FAT FAST AND SAFELY.  
BETTER DRINK THAN SODA.  
IS EFFERVESCENT AND SWEET.  
DOSE—One or two teaspoonfuls in a tumbler of water, as needed or desired.

The Price Is \$1.00 Per Bottle.

Mailed free on receipt of price.

Obesity Band, any size up to 36 inches, is \$2.50; 10 cents extra for each additional inch in length. Pills are \$1.50 per bottle, or three bottles for \$4; enough for one treatment.

You can buy the Pills, Bands and Salt direct from our stores, or by mail or express.

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**FAT PEOPLE** You can reduce your weight 10 to 15 lbs. a month, at home, without starving or injury, by Dr. Clarke's Home Treatment. Proofs, Testimonials, Free. F. B. CLARKE, M.D., Drawer 133, Chicago, Ill.

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### THE AMERICAN STAGE.

THEATRICAL criticism is either eulogistic or condemnatory as a rule. Such criticism of actors and actresses and plays as Leigh Hunt wrote for the papers (and afterward collected into a volume) is valuable, because it explained why he condemned, or why he praised, and the subjects were benefited thereby for obvious reasons. Criticism is the *ipse dixit* of those whom the late Edwin Forrest characterized as "the unknown assassins of the pen" and the late Charles Reade as "criticasters," or men who had failed in the art they criticized. Criticism that does not explain or assert itself by giving reasons for approval or consideration is of little service to either the actor, or author, or the reader. The critic who declares this or that is "bad" without giving his reasons, renders himself liable to be in turn criticised for his *ipse dixit*. It is true that the space allotted to theatrical criticism by the daily papers (with perhaps the exception of the *Tribune*) does not permit of the argument the critic could make, and the haste of the writing after the performance to get his "copy" in time for the next morning's paper prevents the careful consideration of the subject that the maintenance of his *ipse dixit* should require. This much is to be said for the critics, who, as a rule are capable writers, bringing experience and education to their work. Still it must be admitted that the average criticism is hasty and arbitrary.

It is a fact worthy of note that many of the popular successes have been condemned on their first presentation. Memorable cases might be cited. The American dramatist, especially, has been severely handled, and his merit only admitted or discovered by the critics after the popular approval has been secured. I am led to these remarks by the condemnatory criticism which Miss Pauline Hall has received for her production of the comic opera of "Puritania," which has resulted in an ill-advised interview with her manager, in which he charges the critics generally with veniality, and which has brought about a fustian encounter between the author of the libretto and one of the critics. It is very likely that the initial performance, which elicited the condemnatory criticisms, was not as good as those that followed in the seven weeks' run at the Fifth Avenue Theater. I found the music tuneful and interesting, and the general performance acceptable and enjoyable. The work was certainly as good as the numerous comic operas that have preceded it in popular favor. From none but Gilbert & Sullivan can we expect excellence. The late Lester Wallack hesitated to produce the work of American dramatists on the ground that the critics would condemn it. Despite the critics the American drama, which should have received their encouragement by healthy instead of disparaging review, has received popular recognition. It is time now for the critics to look to themselves, or as "false prophets," misleading the public, their really great influence may wane and go. It is idle for the professionals to claim that the critics wield no influence. While the public judges for itself the press can accelerate a failure or a success, and there is no higher or more reputable function than that of the critic if he is one in the true sense, whether acting on Leigh Hunt's standards or Edgar A. Poe's as elucidated in "Eureka."

Bronson Howard presented his new comedy of "Aristocracy" at Albaugh's Opera House, Washington, on the 7th, for a week's experimental performance preparatory to producing it at Palmer's Theater on the 14th for a lengthy run. Bronson Howard, who may be regarded as the Nestor of

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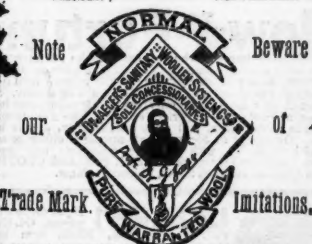
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American dramatists, has realized from his numerous plays, in the past twenty odd years, a fortune that enables him to work leisurely, and this is his first work since "Shenandoah," which was presented nearly three years ago. He will never contract to deliver a play on time; that is to say, he takes his time to write it. He will not be hurried. He never lets a play go from his desk until he is thoroughly satisfied he has done his best. He is frequently solicited to write plays, and could find sale for three or four a year if he would undertake the work. He is wise enough to see that one good play will bring him more than half a dozen indifferent productions. On the same theory Mr. Joseph Jefferson never allows himself to play too long or too often in one place, and to keep himself in proper physical condition he only acts a few months in the year. A good story can be told apropos. Imre Kiralfy one day asked Mr. Jefferson why he did not play oftener than he did when he could make so much money, exclaiming that if he could draw so much money he would play "Rip Van Winkle" three times a day! I fancy the point need not be shown the reader.

Sanger's company produced Gunter's dramatization of "My Official Wife" at the Lyceum, Utica, on the 7th, and both the work and Miss Minnie Seligmann Cutting were favorably received. It is said that young Mr. Robert Cutting controlled his stutter sufficiently to make a good impression in the small part assigned him. After a week in Syracuse, Watertown and Rochester the company have speeded across the continent to San Francisco, where they open on the 10th. The piece will be produced in New York early in February.

Locally there was a general change of bills on the 14th, as previously stated in this column.

Daly has followed "Dollars and Sense" with another adaptation from the German, "A Test Case; or, Grass vs. Granite," which is an amusing trifle, affording Miss Rehan and Mr. Bouchier good scope to display their abilities.

Herrmann has gone to New Orleans and "Little Tippet" has succeeded him at his theater on Broadway, where Manola and Mason will appear later.

Hallen and Hart have been attracting crowded houses at the Fourteenth Street Theater in a wishy-washy piece called "The Idea." There is a scene in which keno is played, and the performance has been ingeniously advertised by the circulation of a keno card.

Augustus Thomas, who won his laurels by his charming dramatic sketch of "Alabama" (which hardly rises to the dignity of a play, being a series of scenes, but which is charming and an acceptable addition to modern stage literature), has written a play entitled "Surrender," which will be produced at the Columbus Theater, Boston, on the 21st, with Louis Aldrich, W. H. Compton, Burr McIntosh, Herbert Ayling, Rose Eyrtinge, Elaine Ellison and Maude Banks.

Mr. Willard will succeed Rose Coghlan at the Star Theater on the 21st. Miss Coghlan has attracted crowded houses with "Diplomacy." She and her brother Charles and Miss Sadie Martinot give charming performances.

Miss Julia Marlowe has reached San Francisco. I met this charming actress and lady in the Sunday salon of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll several years ago, before I had seen her play at the Star Theater. Colonel Ingersoll told me he had seen her play out West and thought she was the most promising actress on the American stage. I may add that I coincided with him when I saw her *Viola and Juliet*.

Mr. James J. Corbett has been attracting crowded houses at the Grand Opera House in his play of "Gentleman Jack." A more intelligent man than Sullivan, he is the better actor of the two, though this is not saying much.

An effort was made a short time since to produce in this city a drama, entitled "Abraham Lincoln," but no one, it was rumored, could be found to personate the Martyr-President, though, I believe, the real reason was that the horrors of the death-bed scene were thought to be too much for the public. Sol Smith Russell, who has achieved success in pathetic comedy, has had a play written, "The American," in which Lincoln is the central character. Russell, who is a painstaking, conscientious artist, can make up to personate Lincoln better than any other actor I can call to mind, and his powers as a mimic will have full scope, I should say, in the role which introduces numerous characteristic stories. C. F.

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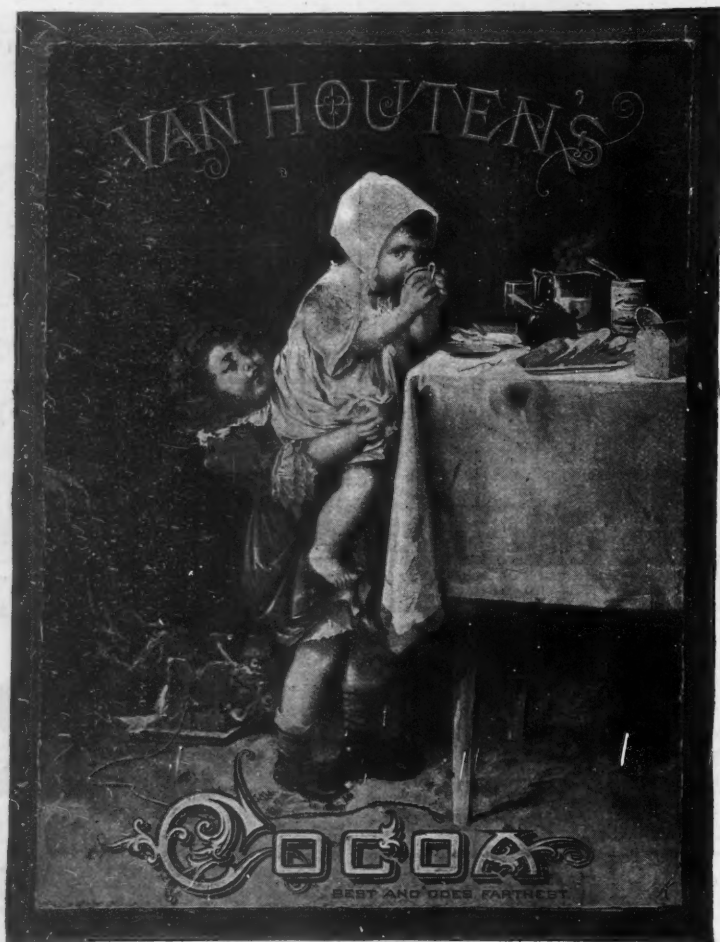
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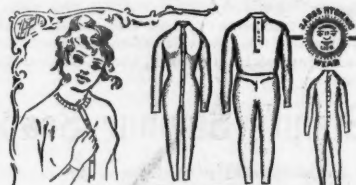
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